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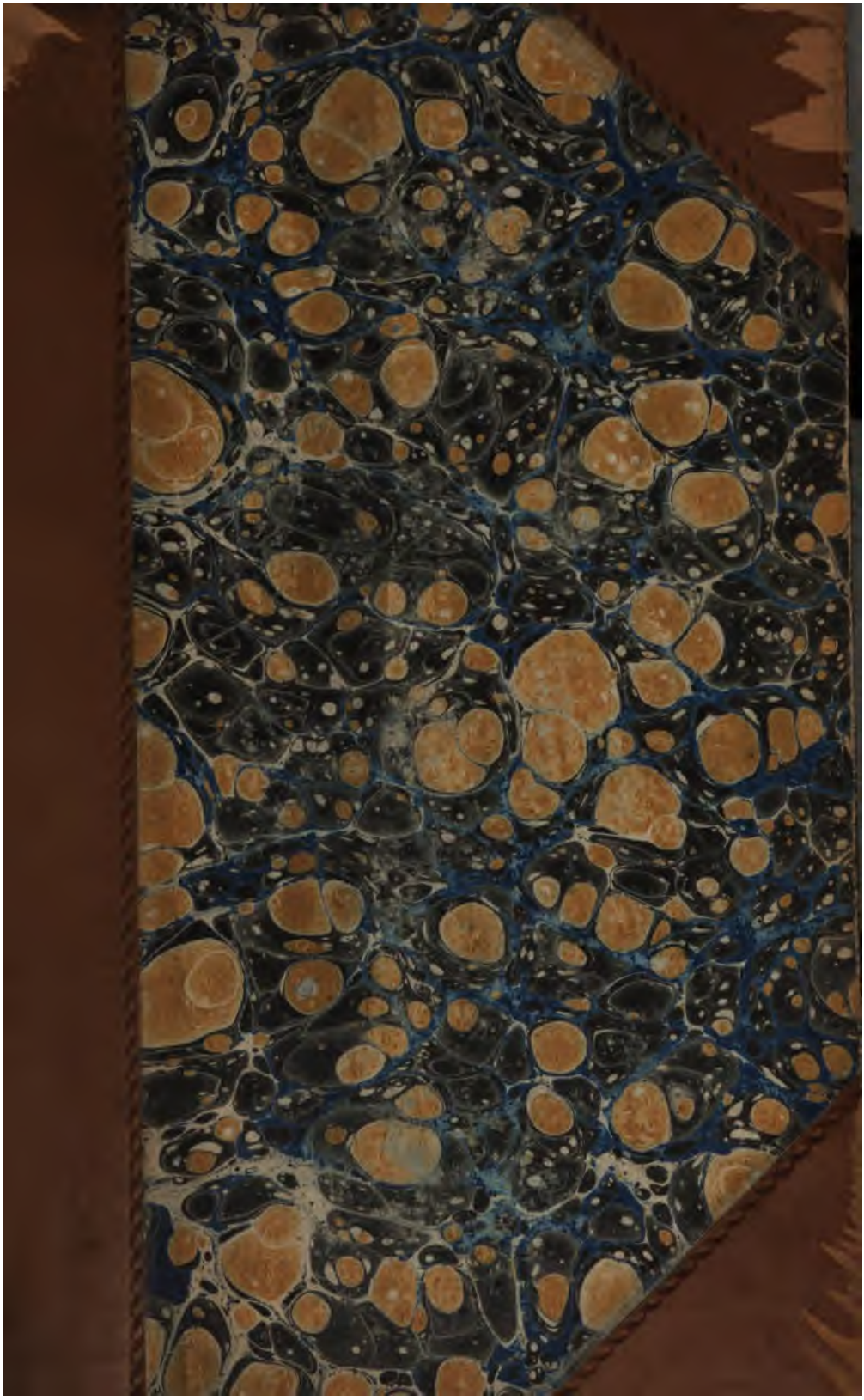

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CASTALIAN HOURS.

LONDON :

GAULTER, Printer, Lovell's Court, Paternoster-Row.

C.H. 1830

CASTALIAN HOURS.

Poems

BY

SOPHIE DIXON.

From the wreck of the past which hath perished,
Thus much I at least may recall;
It hath taught me that what I most cherished
Deserved to be dearest of all.—BYRON

LONDON:

LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN, AND GREEN

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BIBLIOTHECA · BODLEIANA

A LONG and, to the Author, melancholy delay has occurred in the publication of this Volume, with the cause of which many of the Subscribers, being personal friends, are already acquainted:—an affliction of the most harrowing nature—the loss of a tenderly beloved and affectionate Father, succeeded by severe illness to herself and several branches of her family, permitted not the Author's attention to objects which, under the pressure of any inferior calamity, would, perhaps, have proved the source of consolation.—

Whatever may be the destiny of the work thus submitted to the world, the Author can only feel that *One*, for whose opinion she had the greatest veneration, and whose satisfaction was all her

pleasure, will never more be interested in either the griefs or enjoyments of those for whom only he seemed to exist. For *himself*, indeed, he had few considerations connected with this world—the highest degree of sublunary fame or reward could not have brought him an added gratification—but the prospect of this publication having, but a few months since, afforded him a feeling of real delight, for a much-loved daughter's sake, she deems her thus completing it, a kind of sacred duty, which even the severity of grief and ill-health ought no longer to defer.

Dartmoor, December 18, 1828.

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CASTALIAN HOURS.

SONNET.

THOU, spell-born Poesy! prevailing name!
From bowers of highest Heaven ordained below,
Their never-fading roses to bestow,
Fragrant of Paradise, on Earth's dark frame:
Immortal Poesy!—if thus, to shame
Our wandering feälty, thou dost forego
This human domicile,—yet hear, and oh!
Once more return, each erring heart to claim!
Thou! who didst sanctify their harps, who hold
All Spirits captive;—Thou! who didst convey
Thy very fire unto the great of old—
Sweet Poesy! restore each hallowed ray
Unto some yearning bosom, which, as they,
Shall thy aspiring energies unfold.

"SWEET ARE THE ECHOES OF THE LYRE."

Sweet are the echoes of the Lyre,
When Bacchic tendrils o'er it wreathe;
And sweet the soul-entrancing wire,
Where love's melodious whispers breathe.

Sweet, when, with clustering roses crowned,
It aids the joy of festal rite;
Winning all hearts, at Music's sound,
To dearer visions of Delight.

But sweeter is the Harp's pure tone,
When to the aching bosom sent;
As if such harmony alone,
Were consolation's element.

Oh better, nobler, that it may
The ear of pain and grief engage,
And, when all other joys decay,
The soul of agony assuage!

Then bring the Palm's immortal leaf,
The Laurel's sacred garland bring!
No meaner bloom, no floweret brief,
Be twined on that Seraphic string!

And hail the Orphean Lyre! whose breath
Shall triumph still, where others fail;
Oh, e'en mid bonds of pain, or death,
Again sublimely to prevail.

"THE SUN IS SPARKLING ON THE SEA."

The Sun is sparkling on the Sea,
Like thousand stars of gold;
And blossomed leaves o'er every tree
Rain dew-drops from their fold;
In every cup of burnished dyes
The gems of Morning play,
Ere yet the beam of her orient skies
Shall melt them all away.

The Rose unveils her glowing cheek,
The garden's peerless queen;
And the Lily bends, more mild and meek,
Beneath her awn of green:
There spreads the Hyacinth her curl
Of rich and glossy bloom—
While trembles, on every spike, a pearl
Distilling its glad perfume.

The Peony deepens its leaves of fire,
Like clouds of Even-light;
And the scented Lychnidea's spire
Blooms beside her in snowy white:
There comes the Bee to the honied bell
Of every floweret fair;
And winds unto its inmost cell,
And quaffs ambrosia there.

The hum of a thousand thousand wings
Awakens along the breeze;
Where the murmured hum of insect things
Is sounding through the trees;
The cuckoo, amid the vales of green,
Her vernal tone repeats,
And ever, from bough of her haunts unseen,
This matin freshness greets.

How sweetly along from spray to spray
The chime of beaks is ringing!
As every minstrel that hails the day,
From his woodland home is winging;
And miss not thou, like them, to be
A wanderer of the dell;
Or rest thee blithely beneath some tree
And hear their chorus swell.

For he indeed were of recreant heart,
  Who would slumber away the hour,
Which can its brightness and bliss impart
  To insect and to flower;
And even now, that all beside
  Have the joys of day-break caught,
Woe, woe to the bosom can darkly hide
  A spirit that tastes them not!

"YE GENTLE STARS."

Ye gentle Stars! that ever glow
  With some diviner ray,
Look from your skies, and thus below
  Direct a pilgrim's way!
Bright eyes of Heaven! there's not a beam
  Doth from your splendors dart,
But flows like some refreshing stream
  Into my thirsty heart.

  The wandering youth at twilight hour
    Bids each fair ray awake;
  Ye lead him to his Lady's bower,
    He loves ye for her sake;

But I, who seek nor bower, nor hall,
These wild-wood glens among,
Yet prize ye worthier far than all
Gay Pleasure's fickle throng!

The eyes of Earth—alas for them!
They sparkle to deceive;
And oft illume the heart's best gem,
To bid the bosom grieve:
But oh! no treacherous light to greet,
We lift our gaze on high—
Howe'er earth's stars may shine—we meet
No falsehood in the sky.

ON A LARK SINGING IN A STORM.

Thou Harmonist! what soul is thine,
Thus breathing through the stormy air;—
Thus with a voice so like divine
Mixed in the stir of tempests there?
And in the pauses of the gale
Now heard sublimely sweet;—and then,
When rolls the blast, and pours the hail,
Mid the fierce contest hushed agen?

Oh, music's soothest votary! where
Didst thou that heart enthusiast find,
Which taught thy fragile wing to bear
The ruffling of those gusts unkind?
And gave thee strength to tune those notes
So rapturous, when the raven's plume
Scarce up the rugged mountain floats,
Or dares the bleak aërial gloom?

Oh! like the storms of evil fate,
Are these the elements prepare;
Sweet bird! would I, like thee, elate
Might shun the strife and tempest there!
And, when no joy without appeared,
By such a mood of soul and song
Within be solaced best, and cheered,
Where none such privilege could wrong.

And joy it were, if song of mine
Might ever earthly ear enthrall
With spell of harmony like thine,
So potent and so pure withal.
Oh that my spirit had the power!—
Such strain 'twould choose, so sweet and free;
Defying blight, and blast, and shower,
With inborn zeal, like unto thee!

"BRIGHT HOURS OF YOUTH'S AUSPICIOUS SPRING."

BRIGHT hours of youth's auspicious spring! when beat the griefless heart
With every overflowing pulse that new-born joys impart;
When but to tread this verdant earth, and gaze on yon blue skies,
Was almost like the bliss which fills our dreams of Paradise!

For then the very sun-beam's light into our spirit stole,
And gilded over with its ray each passion of the soul;
While every feeling of the heart, like flowers in morning dew,
Returned the lustre of that ray, from its own freshness too.

Our thoughts were then as mirrors clear, where all a semblance threw
Of things as beautiful as good, or excellent as true!
Oh, if we smiled, 'twas not alone our lip which felt its spell,
That magic joy could penetrate the bosom's ark as well.

Then might we quaff the rose's breath, and charm our
soul and sight,
With leaves of spring, and scent of flowers,—all sources
of delight;
The very current of the waves that wended on their way,
Was type of that within our breast—fresh, pure, and
bright as they!

Or did we mingle, heart and hand, with earth's unheedful
throng,
And court enjoyment from each scene the walks of men
among,
Oh, were we sometimes doom'd to taste the bitter draught
of ill,
There was Nepenthe in the cup, to sooth our spirit still.

Perchance the beam of some bright eye might come our
heart to bless,
As stars of Heaven look down, and light the pathless wil-
derness;
Or some kind voice, with passioned power, and music-
breathing tone,
Blend sweetly in our jarring fates the gladness of its own.

We trod, all confident of joy, in Pleasure's fairy ring,
And bounded to the Syren's note, and wooed her lip to sing;
Nor ever guessed that circle held a thorn our foot to wound,
Nor dreamed of danger in the thrall of that enchanted sound.

Ye visions! why should envious years your earthless hues despoil,
And wither up the fairest flowers of youth's elysian soil;
Nor leave us one, unto whose bloom unfading lustre given,
Might brighten with perennial life, like those which bud in Heaven?

But ye were Sibyl's leaves—outspread before our novice eyes,
Wrought o'er with mystic charactery, and language of the skies;
Which, ere our eager grasp could reach, the scattering breezes bore
Far off from these waste worlds of life, to charm us here no more.

STANZAS.

Oh, wherefore should sweet tears e'er steep
The watchful eye in vain;
Or one unquiet feeling keep
A heart of truth in pain?
Why should fond bosoms e'er be wrung
For them of little worth,
Or spend endearing thoughts among
Insensate things of earth?

As oft the ivy's verdant braid
May withered boughs embrace,
With clasping tendrils, prompt to shade
Each worn and blighted trace;
So, twining thick its living shoots
O'er barren hearts, is seen,
United e'en with life's own roots,
Affection's evergreen!

Or as the dew-drops of the Spring
On night-shade blossoms show'r,
And all their early freshness bring
To bathe a poisoned flower;

E'en thus may moody passions share
The balms of life,—nor find
That soothing tenderness repair
The indurated mind!

For those dear ties of spirit still,
In this our world of woe,
Must mingle with the strife or ill
Of breasts that cannot glow;
And waste their bright excess of love
On them who never know
The joy, all human joys above,
Love's charities bestow.

"I'LL THINK OF THEE."

I'LL think of thee, when the star of eve
Illumes its torch in the crimsoned sky;
When flowers are folded, and zephyrs heave
The forest-boughs with a hushing sigh.

I'll think of thee in the midnight hour,
When eyes like mine scorn the dews of sleep,—

While the moonlight steals o'er the ruined tower,
And brightens the waves of yon placid deep.

And I'll think of thee when the chant of praise
Bursts forth in the pause of some holy rite;
While altar and aisle, in a thousand rays,
O'er the solemn splendors be gleaming bright.

For then if a thought of devotion there,
Bring low on the marble my bended knee—
If my spirit breathe but one fervent prayer
For a blessing from heaven—'twill be for thee!

"THE GLOWING SUN HATH BORNE HIS BLAZE."

The glowing sun hath borne his blaze
Beneath the hills afar,
And brightly mid his lingering rays
Shines forth the vesper star:
No voice is on the earth or air,
No forest bough hath stirred;
And yet there is a spirit there
That speaks, without a word.

Oh! then I love the heath-grown steep,
The dark trees' leafy bower;—
The shadowed sky, the waveless deep,
Are mine in that sweet hour:
For then, while nought of ill intrudes
On all we round us see,
Amid those star-lit solitudes,
That spirit talks to me.

"OH! SEE YE THE WHITE CLOUD IS DANCING."

Oh! see ye the white cloud is dancing
On the night-breeze that skims in the blue?
And watch ye the stars that are glancing,
Like eyes of the Seraphim, through?
Or hear ye the musical gushes
Of the torrent that speeds on its way,
O'er the rock of the desert that rushes,
And casts to the moonlight its spray?

Or mark you the bat, as 'tis flitting
In the spirit-like ether around;

As only his wing were befitting
To move in that stirless profound?
The thin mists are silently sailing,
Like peak-haunting sprites of the air;
Now gone,—and then momently veiling
The spires of the mountain-head there.

Ye see not!—No vision is gazing,
Save mine, on the scene that I love;
Where star-beams are fitfully blazing,
Or clouds floating down from above.
This midnight is mine—I inherit
Its beauty and brightness alone!
The heart-soothing breath of its spirit,
Is poured upon only my own!

What said I—? Though comes not another
Of mortals this scene to retrace;
There may bless it the eyes of some other,
Some better, or loftier race;
They who wander the azure expansion,
Or ride on the wing of the blast;
Make the vault of the stars their high mansion,
And plunge in the deeps of the vast.

This universe over us spreading,
Is for myriads that people it through;
Those galaxies, gloriously shedding
Their sun-rays, for myriads who view;—
—And if earth lent not one to the number,
They would shine, and be looked on the same;
Where comes not a shadow of slumber
To darken their altars of flame!

TO THE WHITE ROSE.

Thou blossom, like the stainless snow
Of fleecy Alps, when steals the flush
From evening skies in crimson glow,
And spreads them with its blush:
Thou favourite flower! my hand is fain
To wreathe thy buds, so sweetly pale;—
Thou shouldst not breathe or bloom in vain
To summer's odorous gale.

For never ought thy clustering leaves
To ope unnoticed on the air;
Or scent the breath of star-lit eves,
Yet rest inglorious there.

Thy place of right is beauty's brow,
Thy proper throne on valour's crest;—
The warrior's cause, or lover's vow,
By purity expressed.

And if to crown the muse's braid,
Some emblematic bud should be—
What flower, as thine, so fit to shade
The founts of Castalie?
To twine the golden harp of song
With thy own fresh unsullied hues;
And scorn the rule of Flora's throng,
Urania's wreath to choose?

Love courts thy sister's deeper dye,
The glow that tints his Hebe's cheek;
Bright colour of yon orient sky,
When vernal mornings break;
But Faith would claim the gentler flower,
Congenial to her changeless heart;
Symbol of sanctity and power,
Such as thy leaves impart.

Thus chosen, may'st thou bloom amid
Thy kindred forms, a nobler name!

And Bard and Beauty haste unbid,
To blend thee with the flowers of fame.
Or waving on thy slender stem,
When setting suns their twilight leave;
With thy own pearl-like diadem
Adorn the brow of eve!

And still be there! nor ever deign,
In pageant halls to withering blow;
Sweet Rose! as soon might pomp retain
A wreath of mountain-snow:
For e'en each sultry air that breathes
In mirthsome hour, from Pleasure's shrine,
Were like the Simoon blight, to wreaths
So spotless as is thine.

A COMPARISON.

'Tis sweet to list the bubbling gushes
Of mountain-linn among the rushes,
By cairn, or cave, with murmuring fall,
So wild, and yet so musical;
Or spreading in a glassy mere,
Where heath, and hill, and sky appear;

Now lost to view, or but beheld
Where grows the sward all emerald:
Then, winding off with footstep fleet,
Its sister streams afar to greet,
And blended roll, in blithesome flow,
To plains of beauty far below.

Yet, journeying thence, we deem,—alas!
What rugged wilds that Brook must pass;
Opposing rock, embattled steep,
With flashing fall condemned to leap;
And, dashed in broken billows, cast
Its waves into abysses vast—
Where never sun-ray comes to view
The craggy deeps they eddy through:
Till foaming on through meadows wide,
They soothe again their scattered tide;
While brightened o'er, its crystal glasses
Thick forest boughs, and mountain masses,
And rainbow-coloured Halcyons lave
Their plumes amid its quiet wave.

Far onward then, by shelvy ledge,
It brims above the shallow edge;

And resting in a lucid sleep,
More fair, more tranquil, and more deep,
Hushes the swell of rush and roar,
To linger on the sunny shore.

And thus, our picturing fancies say,
Man's life awakes, and speeds away;
Its infant springs, so pure and bright,
O'er-hung with blossoms of Delight;—
Gay Health, the heath-bell free and fair,
And Joy's wild-rose, are clustered there;
Affection's violet o'er it strews
The fragrance of its living dews;—
And all, as in a mirror then,
Their loved reflection meet agen.

Anon, when hours of Youth-hood cheer
How bright the hearts own rills appear!
How fair, how fresh, the Spirit wending
Its forward path, and therein spending
The impulse of that early source,
Its joy, its lightness, and its force;
And deeming, Oh, most sweet 'twould be,
Thus loitering on in lonely glee,

Like that old storied flood, to choose
From thousand else, its Arethuse!
And if that consort meet be won,
Watch ye their steps of unison:—
How, on through scenes of storm and strife,
The fearful wilderness of Life,
Those blending bosoms shall proceed
Where'er or chance or fortune lead;
And though oft stirred and darkened,—never
One hour their mingled fates to sever;
But each, the griefs they may not shun,
Consoling for the dearer one.
So passing all the wilds of woe,
Trusting and true, as long ago!
Until some place of calm they gain,
Where the world's evil casts no stain;
But thoughts of virtue lend their light,
To brighten what before was bright—
And hopes, not earthly,—but of heaven,
Have to those hearts new vigour given,
Until their harassed spirits be
Soothed into like serenity.

But further glimpse would ye discern,
And more of such fair vision learn,

Awhile in gladness mark them thus
Their placid light reflect on us;
Shedding a lustre, from whose ray
Life's busy turmoil shrinks away.
Then in their quiet beauty wind,
O'er the last barrier they shall find,
To mingle with that mystic sea,
The ocean of Eternity!

"THERE SITS ON THY SWEET BROW A GLOOM."

THERE sits on thy sweet brow a gloom,
The shadow of an aching heart—
Like that which o'er Spring's earliest bloom,
The clouds of twilight skies impart;
And on thy cheek the paler rose
With sorrow's history is fraught;—
Yet still so fair!—it scantly blows
Less lovely in that pang of thought.

And tears are thine—the quiet tears
Which o'er thy lid unnoticed flow;
Such as, full oft, the dearest years
Of youth must sacrifice to woe;

For ever young lips smile at grief,
Though in the breast its worm be lain;
And shun all solace, if relief
To other ear disclose its pain.

THE MOUNTAIN MERE.

Thou Mere of the Mountains,
Where mists roll above thee—
The clouds are thy fountains,
The warring winds love thee!
The herne and the raven
In thee shadow their pinions,
When stooping to haven
On thy heathland dominions.

By Circle and Barrow,
The heather-bell bloweth;
In crevices narrow
Wild camomile groweth;
There the fox-glove looks o'er thee,
In Summer-day brightest;
And the canna-down hoary,
Waves softest and lightest.

Blue whortle, and mosses,
Are beside thee entwining—
When the dew-drop embosses
Thy banks with its shining:
Thou Mere! who shall view thee,
Thus in solitude fairest?
What wild voice sing to thee
The beauty thou sharest?

The voice of some spirit
At midnight may waken;
In the breezes we hear it
When the tall reed is shaken;
At noontide 'tis flowing
In echo deep spoken;
Where thy blue wave all glowing
In ripple is broken.

Aud that wizard tone falleth
On my string as it falters;
Some airy tongue calleth
From the rock-builded altars!
"Lone Mere of the Mountains,
"Mists are rolling above thee—

"The clouds are thy fountains,
"The desert-winds love thee!"

TO THE SWALLOW.

FLEET harbinger of sunny hours,
Of Maia's leaves, and blossomed bowers,—
From skies that bring no cloudy blight,
Mid yon meridian blue and bright;
From groves where never Winter's breeze,
The dews of morning came to freeze—
Thus we greet thee—hail once more!
Welcome to our Island shore!

Now in ether's shining height
Thou bath'st thy silken plumes in light,
Where our vision roving free,
Vainly strives to follow thee;
Then, as suits thy vagrant pleasure,
Wheeling down in rapid measure,
Smooth thou skimm'st the watery glass,
Swifter than the zephyrs pass;

Or above the pansied plain
Leadest thine aërial train,
In a frolic dance of glee
To the wildwood harmony.

See, for thee, loved Bird! appear
Brighter suns to warm the sphere;
Milder moons for thee arise
In the calm and twilight skies;
Balmier gales along the land,
Summer's wreaths for thee expand;
Nature wakens—fair and free,
From her wintry trance for thee!

Thus, oh come! an annual guest,
Weave with us thy downy nest;
Here thy callow younglings teach
First the blue of heaven to reach;
Mid our orchards blooming gay,
Mid our waving woodlands stray—
Ever thus a welcome guest,
Plume with us thy glossy breast;—
Herald still of summer be,
Spring herself shall herald thee!

"OH DARK WERE THE PATH."

Oh dark were the path which our footsteps would know,
Were no blossom in ways of affliction to blow;
And darker the heart, if in sorrow and pain,
It clung not to hope of enjoyment again;—
When the shadows of grief, disappointment, or sin,
Eclipsing the light of the spirit within,
Shall pass, as dispersed by the breezes afar,
The cloud wanders off from the evening star.

This world is a desert,—yet e'en as we stray,
We taste the fresh fountains that gush in our way;
And blend with the bosoms that cleave to our own,
Like the reed with the tendril of flowers overgrown;
The tempest may wake, and the thunders may roll,
They blight not the plant which takes root in the soul;
But leave it more firmly, when these shall be o'er,
To spread in the sunshine, serene as before.—

A RECOLLECTION.

When once in Youth's elysian hour,
Thou bad'st me sometimes think of thee;
A mild, yet soul-exalting power,
Hung o'er life's future destiny;
For as I cast mine eyes to those
O'er-clouded days we since have proved,—
What sun-bright visions o'er them rose!
What spell our heedless bosom moved!

But soon, alas! the chilling form
Of envious disappointment crept,
Where all its pulses beat so warm,
Where all its holiest wishes slept:
Yet still I thought of thee,—and though
Hope blessed no more that dream of dreams;
Oft would my lingering spirit glow
And gladden in its sunset beams.

For I remembered then, the day
When we in early joy were met;
And deemed not, while it passed away,
The next should darken in regret!

The sun looked brighter to our eyes,
The earth was to our thought more fair;
And every star that gemmed the skies,
Shone forth in nobler beauty there.

And if I think of thee,—again
Those forms a moment, unto me
Become once more all bright, as when
In bliss I gazed on them with thee:
The evil fate which hath oppressed
My youth of life, I know no more;—
But feel thine image in my breast,
Its ruling spirit, as before.

THE MOUNTAIN DAWN.

Night wanes from off the mountain,
The golden stars are gone—
The sparkle of the fountain
Is flickering in the dawn;

The morning mist is o'er us,
  The morning light is gray;
And the high hills rise before us,
  Dim shadowed on the day!

Look up unto the eyrie,
  The peak of yonder Tor!
Where a crimson streak all fiery,
  Is slowly breaking o'er;
Look up!—the dun mist cresteth
  The stony steeps on high,
As the fairy sun-light resteth
  Along the eastern sky.

Now comes that dun mist pouring
  Its fleecy veil around—
Where the cataract is roaring
  With watery voice profound;
It shrouds the dawning glory;
  It dims the prospect fair;
And hangs its tresses hoary,
  In silvery cloud-drops there.

Anon the tide is starting
From off its airy strand—
Those waves of mist are parting
To leave our mountain land:
They roll to yonder azure,
They curdle in the Blue;—
And leave our eye at leisure
Their pathway to pursue!

And now the Day-spring lightness,
Falls o'er each scene below;
On rock and wave in brightness,
The beams celestial flow:
The soft gale droops its pinion
O'er heather blossoms gay;
And the wilderness dominion
Shines out unto the Day.

And the Mountaineer is treading
His regions fresh and high,
Where the hues of Morn are shedding
The roses of the sky;

Where the lowland wight surveying,
Deems not mortal form might dare;
But thinks some Spirit straying,
Hath wandered lightly there.

Oh he can quaff the breezes,
Ethereal as they blow,
His heart their gladness seizes,
To lure his footsteps so!
And deem thus near to heaven,
For his sojourning fair,
From lowlier earth was riven
This Paradise of air!

SONNET.

MAJESTIC Mountains! most unbounded skies!
Green vales of earth in flowery freshness sweet!
Ye are the poet's volume, where his eyes
From life's young morn, their glorious teaching meet:
Tutors of wordless wisdom, who have dressed,
Deep precepts in prevailing beauty's guise;
Winning all spirits, as before them rise
The very things whereon hath been impressed
Transcript indeed of heaven. Come forth and view
The tome celestial, ye who have not known
The face, the form, the feeling, and the tone,
Of undecaying nature! First and true,
And still endearing Monitress, whose spell
Prints its eternal voice on the heart's chronicle.

PELEUS TO THETIS.

GODDESS-DAUGHTER of the Deep!
Now the billow's shining trace,
Is but like the dreamy sleep
Stirring in an infant's face,
When lulled into the joy of rest,
On a watching mother's breast.
Now the dimpling waters heave
Tinctured with the hues of eve;
And the light winds o'er them fly
Like the breathing of a sigh:—
Loveliest daughter of the deep!
While thy fair-haired sisters keep,
Where their groves of coral grow,
Festal rite in halls below;
List, oh list! the holiest strain
Ever breathed beside thy Main;
And with thy long-asked presence bless
Him, who seeks the loveliness
Of thy still shores for thee alone!
Leave, oh leave thy sapphire throne,

Goddess of the billowy sea,
For a heart whose love of thee,
Is the truest, loftiest love,
Felt in earth, or heaven above!

O'er the edge of yonder sky,
  Where the crimson pales to gray,—
Shines the Eve-star's golden eye,
  Watchful of departing day;
Like young Beauty nursing o'er
Time-faded cheek, and tresses hoar,
As upon the couch of Death
Quiet parts the pausing breath.
Even by such shadowy light,
Like to some glimpse of vision bright;
With gaze of mingling love and awe,
In her gem-roofed cave I saw
Her, whom the thundering Jove did own
Worthy half his heavenly throne;
Her, whose mystic loveliness
  Stole on my impassioned spirit,
As if none beside did bless
  This dim world which we inherit;—

Her, to whom Earth's brightest Daughter
Hath no charm for soul like mine—
Beauty of the boundless water,
What is mortal to divine?

There moves a trace upon the wave,
As if she were passing o'er;
While its silver circles lave,
With gentler touch, the quiet shore;
And a brightness fills the air,
Like a floating sun-beam there.
O'er my bosom seems to steal
Bliss, which gods themselves might feel;
And are pressed upon my brow
Kisses of like rapture now!
—Art thou then indeed a thing,
Secret one of yonder sea,
Such as our bright imagining
Oft deemeth Spirit-forms to be?
Whose voice is in the murmuring
Of the low winds, and the glad hue
Impressed on their immortal cheek,
Like the tinge that dyes the dew
We in morning roses seek.

But with us—Alas! our love,
Though it be for forms of clay,
Is a feeling far above
What hath here illumed its ray.
Listen, then,—if thou art she,—
Thetis listen!—Though I be
Of a death-devoted line,
Is not worship like to mine,
Worthy colder homage given
By thy equal race of Heaven?
They, thy kindred gods of yore,
They may *love* thee—I adore!
From the silence of the vast,
Come, oh come! though late—at last,—
Bless a mortal's longing eyes
In hour like this—Arise—arise!

1822.

"SHOW ME THE IMAGE OF A VOICE."

(2 ESDRAS v. 37.)

THOU, Soul of each mysterious art,
Sublime or lovely, soft or grand,
Wake every passion of the heart
That fills the eye, or guides the hand:
The painter's touch, the poet's fire,
The sculptor's form of fairest choice;
Bring forth each hue, each trace inspire,—
—Show me the Image of a voice!

A Voice, whose breath is e'en a spell,
A spirit doubtless to subdue—
The mandate of an Oracle,
Heard, felt, and feared,—yet reverenced too;
Ruling us, as some secret God
Had given a soul to every tone;—
Till our awed hearts obey the nod
We dare not, wish not to disown!

A Voice that wins—so soft, so sweet,—
Persuasion's fetter wove with flowers;

The very sound, whose accents meet
A glorious sympathy in ours.
Once let it touch the chords of sense,
A moment only—never more
Shall we from its omnipotence,
Our o'er-impassioned thought restore!

A Voice, whose mild and melting breath
Can tame the wildness of Despair;
And to the bosom, dark as death,
A life-restoring influence bear:
Lighting the faded eye with beams
Pure as the Vestal's sacred flame;
Like sunshine on the heart's spent streams,
That grief-consoling spirit came!

No! Phidian skill—Pygmalian grace,
Might teach the soul-less rock to live—
Or he of Cos, a nobler trace
The love-illumined canvas give:
These well might soften, or subdue,
Arouse, enrapture, or rejoice,—
—But say, what line, what touch, what hue,
Shall show the Image of a voice?

THE BIRD OF PARADISE.

Amid the bright and spicy isles
Where Spring eternal breathes and smiles;
Where trees, whose flowers fade off to-night,
Re-blossom in to-morrow's light;—
Floats onward through its glorious skies
The radiant Bird of Paradise!
Those groves of palm delighted fling
Their fragrance round its restless wing;
Its plumes all pearl, and gold, and gem,
Its crest, a feathery diadem,
Lit up with every sparkling dye
That Indian suns to earth supply.

Child of the sweet meridian day!
Thine is its most refulgent ray;
For thee those orient morns diffuse
The balm of their ambrosial dews,
In cups of floral freshness given,
When late condensed from vaults of heaven.

But, lo! e'en now from far arise
Deep murmurs through those sun-light skies;

The thunders speak, the hail-cloud lowers,
Droop low to earth thy nectared flowers:—
Where wilt thou shield from gloom and blight
Those rubied pinions, soft and light?

The grove, the bower, are chilled and rent,
And severed in the element.
Heir of delight! thy wing display!
Soar up beyond the tempest's sway!
Above the gale, above the shower,
Shine forth the skies in stormless power;—
There guide thee on through tracks of sheen,
So blue, so glorious, so serene!
Nor heed, if far below thee reign
Red flash, and bolt, and hurricane.

Thou denizen of sunny air!
Proud lot were ours such bliss to share;
From the world's evil thus to spring
Like thee, upon unerring wing;
And when the stormy hours of grief
O'ercloud our sunshine, bright and brief,
Oh! then to lift us higher far
Than fortune's blast and tempest are,

In spheres where never blot or stain
May the mind's nobler powers profane,
But every feeling be as fair
And earthless, as the glory there!

April 26, 1824.

STANZAS.

When visions of youth's sunny years
With new-born bliss are shining,
There is a rapture in our tears,
A hope in our repining;
The very pangs of life are felt
As some romantic sadness,
On heart of humans wisely dealt,
To double all their gladness.

I cannot speak how then I thought,
When lay a spell around me—
What joy each dear delusion brought,
What magic chain had bound me:

There came a spirit like my own,
In every whisper swelling;
A light, a beauty, and a tone,
All earth-born bliss excelling.

For, as I sat in stately hall,
Or Pleasure's bowered recesses,
My heart became the charm of all,
Art's fairy tendance dresses;
And when alone in wild-wood cell,
Free Nature seemed to woo me,—
My heart was still the mystic spell
That brightened all unto me.

The sunshine in its Summer prime,
Wan Autumn's tresses blighted;
The dewy Spring, or Wintry clime,
That secret joy excited:
And so to me a soul became,
Which growing life hath wasted—
Like fragile flower, some reckless flame
With scorching splendors blasted.

Oct. 21, 1825.

TO A DEW-DROP ON A ROSE.

Thou glittering tear-drop of the cloud!
Come freshly down from vernal skies;
Whose touch the Rose's leaf hath bowed,
While on its burning cheek it lies,
Stealing the hues of love, the scents of Paradise.

The brightness of yon orient sheen
Hath lit thee with a lustre there,
As she were some resplendent queen,
And thou the gem she wont to wear;
Now sparkling emerald fresh, now dazzling diamond fair.

And we, her worshippers, that throng
Her throne, as young adorers do;
And every princely flower among,
Choose out the first in form and hue,—
Even like lofty Chiefs, when they a Bride would woo.

What are the snowy beads to thee,
Culled from old Ocean's darkling caves?
May they so pure, so radiant be,
As thou art, parted from the waves
Of that crystalline sky the showery ether laves?

They hang on Beauty's neck—they twine
Beauty's ambrosial tresses;—thou
In star-lit eves, mid flowers divine,
Shinest on Eglantina's brow,
Or the young Lily's cheek, drooping to earth, dost bow.

Or e'en as now, amid the Rose
Sleepest in dreams of full delight;
Streaming thy rays, like unto those
That through yon sky flow out to sight,
From the clear Day-star's lamp, leading Aurora bright.

And is not thine a fate as sweet,
Yea, sweeter e'en than these have crowned?
When Nature's amorists so greet
Thy charm, mid winning sight and sound,
Loving thee when all else is loveliness around?

Who saw thee e'er where revels loud
The halls of banquet joy pervade?
Where flaunt the mirthsome or the proud,
No freshening beam hast thou displayed;
Or thy transparent light on wreath mimetic laid.

They have their sphere wherein to shine—
And let them keep at distance far,
From things so brilliant or benign
As thou, and thy companions are—
Fair leaf, and blossomed tree, and love-illumined Star!

Bright drop! while we are pondering thus,
We scant would say, thou art a tear—
Unless for woe-worn things like us,
Some being of a loftier sphere
Might weep, in pity moved, while viewless wandering here.

For when the night-clouds roll away,
Far o'er the islands of the west,
Thou seem'st as 'twere a parted ray
That dropped unheeded from her crest—
A falling star that chanced upon a flower to rest.

And so to charm us, left awhile
The roof of heaven—till wakening bright
From the warm east, Apollo's smile
Should win thee back unto his height;
And with thy sister stars, thy wandering orb unite.

"METHOUGHT I SAW A VISION FAIR."

METHOUGHT I saw a Vision fair—
The Spirit of a heart;
So true, that not a tempest there
Had made its faith depart:
It clung to one, as ever 'twere
A thread of its own life;—
The selfsame destiny to share
In sunshine, or in strife.

It rather would have died, than let
Its other self have known
A thought, a shadow, of regret,
That was not too its own:
And thus they met the world's worst hate,
Without a care,—for they
Confided in the trust, no fate
Of evil takes away.

But yet was that fond spirit wrung—
For its companion grew,
Glad scenes of happiness among,
What ne'er in grief it knew;

And better loved what less might be
With that, so true, compared,
Than to some still unchanging tree,
The boughs by winter bared.

'Twas restless and repining then,
And sullen, and unkind;
And brooded o'er past evil when
The gem was left behind:
Oh even what should still have been
All earthly price above,
Enshrined its kindred heart within—
Unchanged, and changeless love!

But that which had no dearer thought,
Than how to solace best
Each pang, which discontent had taught
The other's wavering breast;
Loved on—as souls of lofty mould
Their faith indeed approve,
And knew that other changed and cold,
Yet would not cease to love.

SONNET.

GREEN leaves of spring, again ye open fair,
Again wave freshly to the lucent skies,
Crowned with sweet sprays of blossoms, in all dyes
That the benignant seasons lavish there:
I come with you to commune, and repair
My heart, long wrung and wasted, where arise
The storms of life, which hath no bright disguise,
No bloom and shade like these the deserts share.
I hear the mavis' song, the lark's wild hymn
Breathed on the airs;—a musical delight
Comes on the ear, like beauty on the sight.
Shall ever heart be cold, or eye grow dim,
Mid the resplendent scene, ordained by Him
Whose thought is power—whose steps are living light

THE DEPARTED.

Ye noble in spirit! ye gallant in heart!
  Who braved the world's tempests with fruitless endeavour,
Did you come but as meteors that gleam, and depart,
  Just to shine on our path, and then vanish for ever?
You, who suffered—yet even in sufferance great,
  Disdained that the malice of fortune should grieve ye—
And gave not one tear in lament for the fate
  Which bowed ye to earth, ere its vengeance would leave ye!

Sure the world will renown you?—Alas! it may add
  A name to its martyrs, a page to its story;—
The fame ye receive, and the evils ye had,
  —Of such are the lights and the shadows of glory!
And they who come after may balm with a tear
  The memory of them who have vanished in sorrow;
But say, will the wreck of to-day disappear
  In the brightness and sunshine that gladden to-morrow?

They too, who bewail ye,—false mourners are they,
Who build up the tombs of the prophets departed;
Yet heed not of them who in anguish to-day,
By the side of their sepulchres sit broken-hearted:
The wreath may entwine o'er the place of the dead,
At festal and banquet their names may be greeted;
But its charm o'er the *living*, what garland hath shed,
And where hath their praise been in triumph repeated?

Yet the days shall arrive, when some halo of Fame
Will mock with its brightness the names of the perished;—
And the age which is coming, descant on the shame
Of that which thus leaves them unsoothed and uncherished;
And vainly atoning for malice gone by,
Proud cenotaphs pile, and loud homage awaken;
And lavishly yield, when it dare not deny,
The meed of renown, far less granted than taken!

STANZAS.

WHAT if in halls where Pleasure dwells,
With eager step her thousands throng,
Where bounds the inspiring dance, or swells
The voice of banquet joy along;
What if the breathing roses twine
On gilded roof and column tall—
Go, ask ye some more certain sign
That there the heart keeps festival.

But where, at midnight's sacred hour,
Is heard the voice of bardic string,
When stirred in all their wordless power,
The symphonies of Music ring;
While slowly, sweetly lengthened out,
The winning measures rise and fall—
Ask not another sign,—nor doubt
That there the heart holds festival.

"OH WHEREFORE SHOULD THE BALMY ROSE."

Oh, wherefore should the balmy Rose
Alone on pleasure's brows entwine?
The eye that sparkles,—lip that glows,
May well such aid resign!
Far better 'twere to strew its leaf
Upon the joyless couch of Age;
Or bid it in the paths of grief
A weary thought assuage.

And why should Youth's endearing smile
Be lavished but on happy hearts—
Which scarcely heed to mark the while
The gladness it imparts?
Bring, bring that sweetest light to cheer
The pallid cheek, the aching breast;—
When flowerets droop, and leaves are sere,
We love the sunshine best!

Sept. 16, 1823.

A MOUNTAIN SONG.

My Mountains! where sweetly
The heath-bell is blowing,
Where, wandering so fleetly,
The torrents are flowing;
Where fountains are gushing
So bright to the air,
And wild-winds are rushing
In harmony there!

My Mountains! which never
The plough-share hath broken;—
Where human endeavour
Scarce leaveth a token;
Where the wing of the raven
Soars fearless and free;—
What heart hath the craven
Who loveth not ye?

What eye is so heedless
Of pleasure and pride—
Or what foot is so deedless
To turn from your side?

To shun e'en the danger
  Around ye impending,
And be but a stranger
  Where peaks are ascending?

My Mountains!—the glory
  Of height is around ye—
The annals of story
  With fictions have crowned ye;
Your wild is the dwelling
  Of grandeur and fear;
And the zephyr's low swelling
  Hath mystery here!

For dear to the deeming
  Of fancy are ye,—
Where all is beseeming
  The proud and the free;
Where our hearts are elated
  With joy, that may be
Like the soul which created
  Its minstrel in me!

August 15, 1825.

A ...MMER EVENING.

My Mo...

The ... discord in the air;
Wher... of glory, on the sky;—
Th... ! where all fair
Whe... things before our vision lie;
S... shadowed earth—to where on high
Ar... of all colors, rich and rare,
... or bright, is softening on our eye:
... can view them, nor beholding share
...fluence of their beauty? When the sod,
...s wild flowers, is sweetest, and the breeze
... like a whispered music through the trees,
... melody of joy? Oh who hath trod
...ch scene, nor felt his spirit soar from these,
In silent worship to the Living God?

SONNET.

Ye places of deep solitude—whereto
I wander, as the Magian did, who sought
Majestic Nature's volume, ever fraught
With power the pondering spirit to renew:
I too have read those pages bright—I too
Studied all forms around me, with a thought
Of fervent contemplation, which hath taught
Unuttered things, their tablets only do.
Oh would I might my soul unto ye knit
For aye, and make its essence as serene
As ye are, and, where sin-worn visions flit,
Image a brighter and more potent scene;
Calming the wearied heart, as soothly it
Should shun the world that hath its sojourn been!

SPRING FLOWERS.

Ye spring-born Flowers—steeped in ambrosial dew,
Narcissus!—palely beauteous, as thy head
Pearl-white, and coronal of golden hue,
Decline to earth with tears of love o'erspread;

Crisped Hyacinth! whose florets rich aspire,
Sprinkled with gems that brave our April morn;
Thou, radiant Tulip! vegetable fire!
What tints thy cheek's resplendent woof adorn!

When, as the Sun, thy tall imperial brow
Bids with his own bright emanations bloom—
Daughter of light! supreme thou seemest now
To spurn each milder hue, and blest perfume.

But lo! the Peony rends its veil, and throws
Full on the dazzled eye its ruby dyes;
Mid its green leaves in dignified repose,
It courts the breathing May's congenial skies.

Anemone! thou classic bloom! I see
A lover's bursting bosom in thee shown—
When the rude boar his trembling soul set free,
And the red flood to raise a flower was sown.

Emblem of gory grief art thou? So bright
With all thy clustered leaflets round thee spread?
Not so! yet nobly thus do bards requite,
With a mere flower, the story of the dead!

See, where the Daffodil, all gold, displays
Her heart five-folded in its leafy zone—
Whence spread of paler hue, diverging rays
Around the precincts of her shining throne.

Sweet blooms are ye;—and more than *ye* are sweet—
More than a brief song may indeed array;
Yet round my garden arbours as you meet,
You charm the lustre of our spring-tide day.

Ye love the hours ere yet the amorous Sun
With fiery kisses woos your life away;
While yet with showery clouds his brow is dun,
And flitting vapours on his tresses play.

Ere the fierce Dog-Star, with infectious glow,
Singes the delicate blossoming of Spring.
Or Leo's ardent clime shall o'er ye throw
The rays that fever every living thing.

Oh ye chaste Flowers! ye first born of the Earth,
Ere her young Bridegroom climbs his palace towers—
When round his vernal altars, every birth
Gladdens the freshness of the rapid hours.

Soon do his wheels the illimitable height
Ascend, and bear him to the courts of heaven;
And she, our equal mother, Earth, is dight
With gaudier charms to grace his triumph given.

Ye fade, ye droop the fragile bloom!—alas,
That all we love must be as frail, as fair!
Comes summer's dawn, and ye departing pass
Back to the cradling germs in which ye were.

Yet if the virgin muse should steep your leaves
Once in the fount of song—ye live for aye—
Fresh as the heaven-born buds she fondly weaves
Round her fair brow—as pure and bright as they!

STANZAS.—ADDRESSED TO THE RIVER ERME.

WHERE Erme's bright waters roll along,
Through sun and shadow o'er the lea,
Now spreading clear, now foaming strong,
In billowy silver to the sea;
Oh, e'en by Erme's romantic tide
Elate in infant joy I trod,—
Or rapt above his echoing side,
Stood trance-like on that flowery sod.

Stood there,—and watched each crested wave
Rush through its whitened rocks below;
The bowering hazels rise to lave,
And bathe the violets as they blow:
There hung the matted beech, and there
The oak's rough arms entwined above
A mansion of thick boughs,—as 'twere
To shade and shield his Naiad love!

While every fanning breeze that blew,
Sent thousand shadows dancing o'er,
And from each bell-flower shook the dew,
That glistened on his grassy shore;

There couched the song-bird's russet wing,
Among the light leaves fluttering round;
And every humming insect thing
Basked on the flower-enamelled ground.

And sometimes from the watery gush
Sprung the quick scaly darter on—
Or lost amid their snowy rush,
Or loitering in the noon-day sun:
And I,—I sought the gnarled root
Of some hoar tree, and loitered too—
Where the tall reeds and lilies shoot,
And where the azure hare-bell grew.

What spirit lingered on thy stream,
Swift Erme! when shone the twilight star;—
What voices hailed that dewy beam,
Seen through the crimsoned clouds afar?
Wild Erme! mine ear hath heard thy flow
Raise mystic echoes in such hour;—
A music of the waters—low
And sweet, yet breathed in billowy power.

And I have listened without fear,
Yet touched by some scarce earthly thought;

As if my step were wandering near
Thy spirit's own secluded grot:
Nor ever did my childhood doubt
Some airy form had dwelling there;
Now murmuring sweet—and now with shout
Of mirthful gladness heard in air.

And Erme! thou wert the witness free
Of every deep enthusiast dream,
Which, while I pondered thus by thee,
Was breathed to thy poetic stream:
Ambition first that dream inspired,
Youth's earliest vision, false as bright;—
The hopes of being's day-break fired,
And charmed it with unearthly light.

Thou too—but wherefore speak of this?
Days, days! for ever are ye fled!
Ye bade me read a doom of bliss,
Ye bade it vanish as 'twas read;
Yet left for those wild spots,—the grove,
And stream, and rocks, remembrance dear,
A fond, a childhood-hallowed love,
Sweet Erme! for all that charmed me there.

'Tis done—the song no more may say—
Thou Erme, thy watery errand speed;
Dance in the moonlight's flickering ray,
And bathe the wood-embosomed mead.
I love thee as I loved thee then,
Though now remote from aught of thee,
My steps have wandered many a glen,
And roamed full many a mountain free!

I love thee Erme! and when I hear
Sometimes another torrent roar,
I think of thine, which held so dear,
Hath blessed for me its forest shore:
And if awake some other string
Thy fairy haunts to carol free;
Methinks, howe'er that Bard might sing,
He could not love thee like to me.

October 17, 1825.

"OH HAVE WE NOT SUFFERED IN PERIL AND WRONG."

Oh have we not suffered in peril and wrong,
Enough of the evil this world can bestow!
When torn by the tempests of fortune too long,
The wing of our spirit hath drooped at the blow:
When grief wrung our life-strings, as if it would crush
The last thread of feeling that vibrated there—
And tears half refused o'er our eye-lid to gush
Congealed in the icy-cold heart of Despair.

While Hope, like some meteor, hath led us astray,
O'er the quicksands of mirth, or the deserts of power;
Till cloud after cloud veiled the treacherous ray,
And left us unsoothed in the hurricane's shower;
Or false bosoms beguiled us to dream of repose,
In the sweet consolation they feigned to impart;
Yet lurked in dark ambush—the direst of foes!
To blight the last freshness that gladdened our heart.

And there in its font, like the Hydra, to fling
A poison that clung to its innermost core,—
Till never, oh never! that mystical spring
Shall feel the bright spirit it joyed in before:
But rank weeds encumber those loveliest flowers
That youth's brimming currents had cherished and fed;
And like some fair fountain in winter's bleak hours,
The billow be frozen,—the blossoms all dead.—

We have suffer'd—but yet when the calm shall return,
Oh may we not tempt the Enchantress again?
Young Joy! is there not in thy magical urn,
One hour, or one moment, as radiant as then?
As sweet may the violet of autumn impart
Its fragrance, as those of spring's sunniest day—
And mantle delight in the tempest-tost heart,
Serene, as ere frighted by Sorrow away!

"SAY, SPIRITS OF PRIDE, WILL YE WAKEN NO MORE?"

SAY, Spirits of pride! will ye waken no more—
Brave hearts! that exalted the ages of yore—
Are ye gone like the days that arise not agen
To gladden with glory the vision of men?

Are ye lost, e'en as gems which wild hurricanes sweep,
In darkness of tempest, to caves of the deep?
Like stars which our heaven too transiently grace,
Then wander unseen to the deserts of space?

Oh be with us once more!—'tis a moment may claim
Gallant bosoms to beat with a spark of your flame,
And breathe from the shrines where earth's idolized rest,
A soul like to that which reposed in your breast.

As Araby's bird, when it ceases to be,
Revives in another more radiant and free;—
E'en so should our hearts, when such purpose implores,
But kindle anew with the spirit of yours!

"SWEET O'ER THE HARP."

SWEET o'er the Harp at midnight hour
Low spirit-voices pause and speak;—
Sweet o'er the Harp with magic power,
Like whispered spell, their accents break;
Moving the heart, as moves the wave
When oceans from their depth o'erflow—
While all is calm and stirless, save
That sea, or what impels it so.

Thus wakes the mighty Song—e'en while
We scantly breathe the soul we bear;
We would not weep, yet dare not smile—
So strong the mystic impulse there!
And full is every burning vein,
And every chord of feeling strung—
Ere yet the lip hath found a strain,
Ere yet one lay the Harp hath rung.

The passions of the awe-touched soul
Like pausing gales, in peace repose;
But thought is brimming o'er,—the whole
Of the roused mind its place o'erflows:

Growing as might a deluge grow—
More clear as it becomes more vast;
Till all of earth subsides below,
And all of heaven is in it glassed.

Then like the first Creative Mind,
That o'er the deeps primeval moved;
Song's Spirit, spreading unconfined,
Its life-infusing power hath proved:
And worlds sublime to being start,
Light wanders o'er the vague immense—
Till suns of gathered thought impart
Strength, beauty, and intelligence.

SONNET.

THERE is an inborn beauty in the Mind,
Which they alone can contemplate, who know
To read the book of Spirits, and who find
Delight to mark how thoughts and feelings flow
O'er the wide waste of life, and on it trace
Green tracks of freshness,—leaves and buds that grow
Lovelier than they of Paradise:—Who chase
Those torrents and wild cataracts, that throw
Their towery forms to heaven;—then darkly rest
Again within their channel, and there lie
Voiceless and viewless! for the human breast
Is as a mighty ocean;—waves may fly
O'er its light sparkling surface, and yet deep,
Unseen, unheard, a world beneath them sleep.

SONNET.—TO THE STARS.

Ye Stars! that o'er this solemn midnight glowing,
Lighten our hearts with your perennial ray;
Ye Stars! on earth, and earth-worn eyes bestowing
The hallowed joy of your serener day:
Glorious ye roll along your wonted way,
Mighty the place of splendors to ye given,—
As if ye should indeed our being sway,
And rule low earth from those deep vaults of heaven.
Truly might the Chaldean lift his eye,
And deem that you were gods! ye first-born lights
Of the Eternal's word; who thus on high
Appointed ye;—the book whose page invites
Our spirit—still communing with the sky,
And the dark loveliness of Glory's nights!

"WHEN SORROW O'ER LIFE'S EARLY TIDE."

When sorrow o'er Life's early tide, in chequered shadow plays,
There comes a sun-bright spirit too, that mingles in its maze;
There comes a consolation, to Youth's buoyant pulses lent,
The light, and hope, and harmony, with all its feelings blent.

And if the world a grief bestows, 'tis only then a shade
To temper what had else, perchance, been too attractive made;
Like green-leaf mantling studiously the rose's radiant hue,
Yet borrowing from the hidden flower a warmth and lustre too.

The glow of quick Ambition—every energy sublime
That bursts like overflowing fire from the heart's volcanic clime—
These pass away the harms of earth in their resistless power,
And lift our expectations high, unto a brighter hour.

But these—our hopes so well-beloved—these too must all
expire,
Or prey upon our proper heart in agonized desire;
Or waste their nobler energies with feeling wild or stern,
Till in the sacrificial fire the altar's self shall burn.

Oh! even until the oil be spent, the hallowed lamp
extinct,
And the golden chain defaced and torn, to human fates
that's linked;
And we become as those rent peaks whose lava-breast is
cold,
Where never spark or flash again shall warm its barren
mould.

Yet Spirits of the past sometimes shall keep their vigil
there,
And breathe a fierce and awful calm upon the troubled
air;
Or as dark waters silent sweep, the bosom passions flow
In sullen strength, or ocean depth, o'erwhelmingly below.

Wave after wave, those billows urge our mystic being on;
We feel their freshness, tempt their force, plunge deeply,
and are gone!
Borne, like the fragile leaf, along the giant tide we dare,
The tide that fills our burning veins, and flows or falters
there!

STANZAS.

Oh never should strain of the high Harp disgrace
Its spirit, to flatter the weak or the base!
Oh never may Bard twine a garland to bloom
On the brow of the tyrant, or mantle his tomb!

Still true be the heart in whose pulses shall glow
A spark of that flame which exalts us below;
And firm be the hand, at whose mystical sway
Awakens the power or the pride of its lay!

To such be our homage exultingly given,
As favorites of man, and as gifted of Heaven,

When an echo shall breathe from the tone of their strings,
Inspiring our bosom to loftiest things.

But deep malediction rest ever on him,
May his feelings be cold, and his fancy grow dim,
Who would sully for favor, or barter for gain,
The thought of his soul, or the fire of his strain!

For him be no wreath mid the laurels of Fame,
But the hiss of reproach follow close on his name;
Till the chord which he touches, ne'er more at command,
Yield no answer, but 'Shame to thy recreant hand!'

1823.

SONNET.—TO ITALY.—1822.

ITALIA! from whose brow the wreath hath faded!
Italia! on whose arm the fetters press—
Art thou the same, thus withering and unaided,
That arts and arms so loved of old to bless?
Thus trampled down to veriest nothingness,
The scorn of foreign tyrants, and the prey
Of slaves who riot o'er thy long distress,
And mock the tear that mourns for thy decay!
Oh lift thee from the dust! once more arise,
Lone Land, from ruin's grasp; and proudly rend
Thy chain, with valour's heaven-sent energies;
And, fearless, o'er thy Gothic spoilers send
Quick vengeance—like the thunderbolt that flies,
To strike but once, and in its fury end.

"OH IT WAS BUT A DREAM."

Oh it was but a Dream—a mere day-dream of youth,
A vision of beauty, of glory, and truth—
That shone like the loveliest star in the sky,
All bright for a moment,—then fled from mine eye.

Methought there were spirits, where loftily dwelt
A beam from the shrine, to which angels have knelt;
Methought there were hearts, in whose ark might be laid
A bud that should blossom, when others must fade!

And such there may still in the crowded paths be
Of a world, which has proved but a desert to me;
Where meteors glanced o'er me with treacherous ray,
And flowers bloomed around, but to wither away.

They are set—they are perished—and I thus bereft
Of their light, or their sweetness, a pilgrim am left;
To grieve or to gladden, as chance may befall,
—Or in apathy grieve not, nor gladden at all.

E'en so is the fate of the fervent and young,
Till their harp on the boughs of the willow be hung;
And its chords, all disordered, but echo a sigh
To the dirge-breathing winds, as they murmur thereby.

"'TWAS MANY A YEAR AGO."

'Twas many a year ago we parted
To wander in the walks of men—
For we were young and gaily-hearted,
With not a grief to harm us then:
The world was all a lovely scene,
To novice eyes that viewed as ours;
Like sunshine skies, but glimpsed between
The fresh leaves of our childhood's bowers.

We had not doubted then a smile,
We had not questioned then a tear;
On friendship's soul we read no guile,
—We deemed all friendship was sincere!

But,—woe the wisdom of the wise!
Those smiles and tears have taught us truth;
And changed appear the lips and eyes
That breathed and beamed upon our youth.

The rayless glance—the haggard brow—
Where Pity notes the lines of grief,
We marked, but had not learned till now
Why youth and beauty are so brief;
It is not years whose power alone
Can turn fair tresses dull and gray—
Deep thoughts, of all beside unknown,
May prove as withering as they!

But we have met again!—so met
Where infancy's bright lot was cast—
And may we not those scenes forget
Where long our weary footsteps passed?
All things are here, as *then* they were;
The skies as blue, the trees as green;
The summer flowers as freshly fair,
As they no changing years had seen.

Away with thoughts that sternly tear
Our feelings, like young blossoms blighted;
Their world is not the bright one, where
The spirit's earliest hopes delighted!
Why should not we, like buds of Spring,
Renew what stormy hours have worn;
And to our aching bosoms bring
The glow of life's delicious morn?

October 17, 1822.

"SAY, WHO HATH GAZED UPON THE SKY."

Say, who hath gazed upon the sky
When even-stars were bright,
And noted every sunset dye
Melt in the coming night;
Nor felt his spirit breaking free,
Each earthly harm o'erbear,
And love to worship silently
The God of spirits there?

And who hath trod where mountains rise
  High o'er this lower earth,
To breathe sublime in loftier skies
  Than they that marked his birth;
Nor found his heart bow down in awe
  And reverent thought,—as 'twere
Spontaneous homage to the law
  Of God abiding there?

SONNET.

THOU fair bright Heaven! so beautiful above
This green expanse of wood, and vale, and hill,—
How can we gaze on your clear depths, yet love
This low world, and its ways of error still?
Plunging our hearts in night, the while we fill
Our eyes with glory?—Can our spirits be
Worldly, that all impatient of the ill,
Would grow into thy beauty; and like thee
Dispel the cloud and darkness, which the woe,
And strife, and weakness of our mortal bent,
Have cast upon us from the things below;
And change them to a nobler element,
As thine is, when by no fierce tempest rent,
In majesty of light thy mansions glow.

Sept. 29, 1822.

THE POET'S WANDERINGS.

Ye summits of the cloudy peaks,
  Where winds in loud defiance roll,
Whose is the hardy step that seeks
  The dwelling of the tempest's soul?
And whose the eye, that dares to be
Proud witness of its revelry?

The torrent rushes from the cave,
  White foaming wheels its eddy forth—
Who came beside it there, to brave
  The ruffling breezes of the North?
And list their bugle echoes ring,
As 'twere the melody of Spring?

Ask ye again?—Ye need not ask—
  —One only spirit ventures there;
Who loveth not alone to bask
  On bank of flowers in Summer air;

But, midst of hurricane and storm,
Is charmed with terror's lofty form.

The Poet he!—who even then
Hath wandered to the dangerous steep;
The Poet! who in pathless glen
Watches the cataract's wild leap;
And proves, each giant hill among,
The promptings of enthusiast Song!

That spirit of the tameless Lyre—
Great voice of thought and soul below!
When storm, and wave, and levin-fire,
A kindred sympathy bestow!
And on the heart's clear mirror cast
The very shadow of the Vast.

That rush of elements is o'er—
He still is there by crag and stream;
Where through their path the billows pour,
Flashing beneath the sunset beam;
While every sparkle of its red,
Comes down upon their watery bed.

Blast after blast, the sounding sky
  Hath blown its troubled soul away—
And where the dun clouds break on high,
  The blue is winning from the gray;
Meet hour of hushing tempests, driven
By the calm majesty of heaven!

The grandeur of the solitude
  Is all his own,—for none beside
Then tempts the eyrie stern and rude,
  Or lingers on the hill-ward side!
The solemn Genius of the wild
Hath all his lingering heart beguiled.

Bard of the Desert! he shall learn
  The lofty lesson, till it teach
His soul with nobler thought to burn,
  His breast sublimer hope to reach;
And o'er his minstrel string diffuse
The breathings of a mightier Muse.

Rending away the worthless string
  Where wildly human follies jar;

To bid our spirit's pinion spring,
Where none but eagle-pinions are;
Dwelling like them, thus lone and proud,
With blast, and cataract, and cloud.

A CHARACTER.

She was the daughter of a race
Stern as the clime their regions bear;
A blossom nursed where never trace
Of the South's sweetness it might share—
Child of a sire severe, as Spring-tide morning fair!

Yea, fair was she, albeit her look
That proud and tameless lineage wore;
A soul which almost scorned to brook
The brightening spell unfelt before;
Where strove the gold divine with earth's encrusting ore.

Hers was an eye wherein the rays
Of passioned beauty flashed and shone—
A bright, a dark, a changeful blaze,
Like that around the setting Sun,
When to the verge of Heaven his jewelled wheels have run.

And they whose vision dared sustain
The fervour of that kindled eye,
Bewildered drooped the lid—yet fain
Once more its world of light would try;
And, gazing, felt how love may fear's first thought deny.

For if ye think the youngest Grace,
And sung, the loveliest of the Three—
Had from the Gorgon's freezing face
Borrowed a bright asperity;
Looking on Imogene, ye well might say 'twere she!

Thus too, the haughty Memphian queen,
Who died to shun a Conqueror's yoke—
Or she, the fiercer Palmyrene,
In gory fight who dared the stroke;
Thus beautifully stern, the spirit they bespoke.

Or came Earth's victor in his pride,
An equal soul of pride to claim—
She only were the fitting Bride
To charm some youthful Cæsar's aim,
And with her eagle-eye, his eagle heart to tame.

And such as she had well been seen
Beside that Macedonian Jove,
When artist-hand his mighty mien
To match with high Saturnius strove;
Darting the fiery shaft on her Olympian Love!

The Minstrel on his fervid string
Had named not her some violet sweet;
Nor from the rose essayed to bring
Bright simile that maid to greet;
The palm of Afric's wild for her had been more meet.

Or that, the golden flower supreme,
Which woos the blazing god of day,
Still following his refulgent beam
Hour after hour, with mimic ray;
A fair yet fragile star, pictured in form of clay.

For thus that Sun-resembling Maid,
In the full light her graces wore—
Nor of admiring eye afraid,
Dashed back irreverent gaze the more;
And bade the enraptured heart, not less than love, adore.

THE JUDGMENT OF BRUTUS.

THERE is no tear upon thy lid—
  There is no faintness on thy brow—
—Roman! and can'st thou thus forbid
  The influence of thy life-stream's flow
To fever in thy brain, whilst thou
Dost the stern doom, unwrung, avow?
The doom of vengeance, which shall quell
  Thy own proud line; and henceforth make,
Even of them beloved so well,
  Dread proof of Freedom's dearer sake.
—Else wherefore had'st thou toiled to chase
From Roman realms, the Tarquin race?
Or lit the trembling spark, whose fire
Must nerve each hand, each heart inspire,—
Till Rome's proud ensigns shall be furled
But on the confines of the world!
  Roman! thou seemest as thy thought
No human tenderness could bow—
  As if it were a thing of nought
To say, what none dare speak, save thou!

Thy proud eye hath no weak discerning,
The love of kindlier spirit learning,
And thy calm bosom heaves the same
As 'twere to thee no grief or shame.

But lo, they come! e'en now at hand,
Before the Father-Judge they stand—
Those traitor-sons, whose aim perverse
Hath spoke dissention's fatal curse.
Youth's early bloom is on each face,
And in their dark and downcast eye,
Ye well the haughty soul may trace,
Bearing the yoke of infamy,
Less formed to feel, than to defy;
Save only when arraigned to meet
From that terrific judgment-seat,
His frown, whom blending love and fear
Had bade them hallow and revere.
That very eye whose steadfast gaze
Now withers up their soul, had been
A guiding light of love, whose rays
Were sought the more, the oftener seen:

That very voice which now can bear
Unchanged, its stern unfaltering tone—
As if no softer accent dare
Be uttered from a Consul's throne;
That voice had oft their infant thought
The nobler ways of honor taught,
With breath as mild as could endear
A father's lip to childhood's ear.
But now they dare not meet thy look—
For well they deem, it will not brook
The treacherous stain, which doubly base
Hath sullied thus the Junian name;
Vengeance alone they there can trace,
For blood must wash the blot of shame!

Roman, away! the word is given!
Thy voice hath spoke thy children's doom—
Yet veil thee from the light of heaven,
While they are sinking to the tomb:—
Thou stirrest not! And can it be
That all is marble in thine heart?
To look on blood derived from thee,
So spilled—yet not with anguish start?

Wilt thou behold those brows—so like
Thine own, in dust all palely lie,
Nor feel upon thy soul once strike
A pang, for such dark destiny?
Or even ere yet death's touch efface
The lofty bearing of thy race,
When leaning on the block, thou see
Those features, heired so true from thee,
Ready to turn to earth agen;—
Wilt thou not feel the father *then?*
Wilt thou forget how these once were
Thy youthful heart's far tenderest care;
When thou had'st set thy soul and arm
The barrier between them and harm;
And died thyself, ere aught befell,
Of wrong, to them thou lov'dst so well?

Unmoved thou look'st on all! Unmoved
Hast seen the bloody axe fulfil,
Even on them, thine own beloved!
The sentence of a Consul's will.
The stroke decreed to *all* who dare,
For them denounced, the banished line
Of kingly chiefs, in dark design
Or feälty, or favour bear;

Which thou had'st deemed not, ever *there*,
In bosoms thus to thee allied,
Had nourished faith or hope, or care
For that abhorred liberticide!
E'en while in guardian rule, thy hand
To its new glory nerved thy land;
And taught it Freedom's light to bear
With vision such as eagles share;
When the bold bird her younglings tries
At the full blaze of noon-day skies.
And if thus sitting to condemn
The traitor deed devised by them;
Who shall declare such noble zeal
Was only that thou could'st not *feel?*
Hung in thy hand what fates were weighed,
What mighty oath on thee was laid!
What dread of partial power—what sign
Of future glory—Rome's, and thine!
Enough were these to bid thee quell
The softening heart that would rebel,
And crush the feeling prone to rise
And blot thy spirit from thine eyes!
Enough to make thee worthy her,
Whose right, whose rule, thou didst prefer;

Immortal Rome, who claimed from thee
Her glorious sanction to be free—
Mother of heroes! and yet first
From heroes sprung, by heroes nursed—
And with a proud peculiar fate,
Cradled in greatness, to be great!

STANZAS.—WRITTEN ON DARTMOOR.

Ye mighty Tors,—ye regions of the cloud!
Dartmoor! in chant of Bard too long unsung!
So lofty, so remote, so passing proud,
Ye tower on high, the scenes of song among.

None e'er hath looked upon you, as fit theme
For verse—nor e'er in kindred feeling warm,
Deemed there might mantle one inspiring beam
O'er giant halls of solitude and storm.

They say ye're not poetic,—but to me
There's poetry where'er the wild-flowers blow—
There's poetry, where'er our eye is free
To wander heaven above, or earth below!

Are not the clouds that veil the loftiest peaks,
The rocks, the floods down gushing from their height,
Are these not Poetry?—a lore that speaks
Deep in the enthusiast bosom they delight?

To me the tempest's roll—the thunder's voice—
  Are poetry all eloquent of power;—
These bid my spirit kindle and rejoice
  In the dark storm, the midnight's gloomy hour.

And these are yours, Oh Mountains! these, around
  Your time-bleached summits, mingle in the air
A potent voice, a passion-stirring sound,
  Whose soul of feeling lives and centres there.

Is it not poetry of thought sublime,
  To stand beneath the Universe of Blue;
And see the giant Sun exulting climb
  His hill of hills, and blaze upon our view?

To see his morning flame the rocks o'erspread,
  Pure spirit floating through the vast Unknown;
A sea of pearl-drops o'er each moorland shed,
  Like fallen jewels of his Seraphic throne.

Is it not poetry, at Midnight hour
  To watch the starry fires ascend on high—
Till ray by ray they pour the mingled shower
  Of living glory o'er the quiet sky:—

Or where converging streams in glassy sheen
Blend to a mirror;—even there behold
The face of that high firmament serene
A downward heaven of imaged lights unfold?

Ye Hills! they have not known ye, who declare
That o'er your wastes the Muses never tread;—
Sisters of Song! still to the upland air,
And haunts obscure, and ancient fountains led.

And I have stood beside some dark-browed rock,
And seen therefrom the stainless waters flow—
Spread their live crystal o'er each jutting block,
And streak with emerald sod their tracks below.

And even as thereby I mused alone,
Felt the puissant mystery prevail—
The force of Song, the element unknown,
Filling the heart with streams that cannot fail:—

No,—cannot fail! where all becomes a sense
Of something wonderful, and great, and high;—
The far horizon girdling the Immense
Of height, and cloud, and precipice, and sky;

The deep deep glen, where, as a line of light,
Flashing their azurn rays, fair rivers wind;
Now lost in darkling steeps, now issuing bright,
To leave their native fountains far behind:

The voice of wild-birds, borne upon the gale,
The bittern's scream, the curlew's far shrill note;
There the night-raven cries along the vale,
And whirring wings o'er twilight waters float.

Nor less the meet romance of softer song,
O'er thee, mishamed the Desert, we may hear;
What tones of choral joy are breathed along
Thy flower-decked wilds in Spring-tide of the year!

Thou mayest be a desert unto those
Who feel no love but for what man hath made;
Who mid the stir of crowded walls enclose
Mind, feeling, thought,—till all alike be shade.

Oh Dartmoor! still undeemed of, and alone,—
For thee what hand hath touched the powerful string?
Few know thy attributes, few tempt thy zone,
Or from thy dells one minstrel floweret bring!

I claim thee as mine own—and I may well
From early right, and long attachment claim—
For thou hast oft inspired the artless shell
That breathed its spirit in no path of fame.

Mine infant eyes gazed on thy peaks so oft,
That dear indeed is memory of thee!
What time, while musing on thy world aloft,
I pondered what its solitudes might be.

For I was one, who in thy precincts saw
Long years pass on, remote from ways of men;
Till time subdued fond childhood's nameless awe,
Yet left the love of all beloved then.

Enough! my string is rude,—my song a lay
Of passioned feelings reckless of the Lyre—
A tameless soul that loves to breathe away
In strains untaught, the gushes of its fire.

And thus sometimes a Spirit of the Wild
Possesses every chord that answers there;
Till I become its own unfettered Child,
Its visions learn, its inspirations share!

February 4, 1825.

MOUNTAIN SCENERY.

HAUNTS of wild beauty, where the glowing Mind
Drinks deep the fulness of some heavenly sense;
Feeling as if amid ye were enshrined
The awful presence of Omnipotence.
For ye are they among whose scenes we find
All faculties absorbed in the immense
Of mind's dilating powers; still borrowing thence
A hallowed joy—voiceless and undefined,
Yet breathing forth from all. Ye can divest
The soul of all its earthliness, and raise
High thoughts and glorious feelings, unexpressed,
Save in the heart's mute worship; wherein best
Speaks the enkindled spirit, which our gaze
Draws ever nearer to the Mightiest.

TO THE STAR VEGA.

O'ER yon blue peaks, emerging from thy North,
Thou Star so beautiful! I watch thee rise,
Stretching thy threads of light along the skies,
Yet leaning still upon the brow of Earth.
Seraphic gem! thus in thy nightly birth
New-waking, new-delighting,—as mine eyes
Follow thy footstep, Vega! and despise
All forms of meaner charm, or lowlier worth.
The tall hills are around me, and thy rays
Come down on them serenely; and above
Rest on the lonely summits—all our gaze
To lure and hallow, with diviner love;
Bidding our thoughts unto that beacon-blaze
Soar up, the power of heavenly things to prove.

TO THE PRISONER OF ST. HELENA.

WRITTEN IN 1820.

EAGLE-SPIRIT of the Rock!
Thus to hopeless bondage hurled—
Thou hast braved an Earthquake's shock,
Thou hast spurned an adverse world!

Thou hast from thy downfal spread
Loftier fame to Ages' trust;
With a glory round thy head
Gathered e'en from Ruin's dust.

Lord of wonder-stricken men!
In the beaming of whose Star
Burst their spirit from its den,—
Burst, and mounted wide and far.

Tyrants shuddered in its blaze,
Warriors withered at its power;
Thou alone with haughtier gaze
Wert the Genius of the hour.

Thou wast then a people's hope—
Mightier yet, a nation's arm;
Strong in Freedom's strength to cope
With a roused-up world's alarm.

Who could hear of thee, nor feel
Thoughts which mocked a thousand tongues;
As if thou wert born to deal
Judgment upon ages' wrongs?

Onward yet, thy burning wheels
Roll o'er wrecks of fallen thrones;
While thy voice of terror seals
Vengeance to Earth's mighty ones.

Half the world could scarcely bend
Thy firm soul from Victory's seat;
When arose, to work thy end,
They who long had kissed thy feet.

But, like him whose daring hand
Fire from Heaven's high mansions stole,
Thou did'st all thy fate withstand
In stern mightiness of soul.

Who that in proud Empire's place,
  Thee, the ruling spirit, saw,—
May thy prouder exile trace,
  Low, but tameless—without awe?

As the tempest-waken Main,
  When its billowy force is spent,
In its calmness doth remain
  Still a fearful element.

Eagle-Spirit of the Rock!
  Soaring from the thoughts of men—
Thou hast borne their praise and mock,
  As none else shall bear agen.

SONNET.

Spirits of the Departed! Ye, who knew
  Usurping man's tyrannic hand to tame—
  Why do we o'er the historic page exclaim
How great, how glorious—but alas! how few!
Why were they but three hundred,—they who drew
  The stubborn sword of Freedom, when the fame
  Of old Thermopylæ arose?—Why came
But *one*, the insatiate Cæsar to subdue?
Few were they—but when Freedom wills the stroke,
  What need of numbers? when *her* spirit fires,
  Enough the single arm that she inspires!
And do not Despots tremble while their yoke
  Hangs heavy on the world, that it requires
But *one* such arm that slavery to revoke?

ON THE LYDFORD WATERFALL.

It is a shadowy crevice of the Wood,
Wild, though not stern, and lonesome, but not rude;
So green and fresh with mingling boughs around,
And waving fret-work o'er the untrodden ground;
The tall dark crag, its roughness worn away,
Shines with the dashing Cataract's frothy spray;
Which like a snow-white pillar seems to tower
Far in the deep recesses of its bower;
Its hoary head among the verdure hides,
And bathes the dripping leaves that arch its sides.
Green oaks and hazels over-hanging all
The steepy edges of the Water-fall;
Till far above, their clustering arms between,
Small space of sky in narrow glimpse is seen;
And there the sun at blaze of Noon ye view,
Piercing with arrowy rays the foliage through;
That change the lucid water's scattered face
To molten crystal in that secret place;
While from its broken column, sprinkling dews
Hang in the air, and o'er the leaves diffuse.

In glittering wreathes the rapid waves alight,
And mid the darkling hollow re-unite:
Then onward tending to their native place,
Roll their soothed billows into Lyd's embrace,
As thence composed, along the forest-lea
He journeys gaily downward to the Sea;
And watery Nymphs around his footsteps pay
Their foam-light crowns, and sing the spousal lay.

Now further through that wild-wood dell advance,
Where jocund Fairies weave their moon-lit dance;
Or mid a thousand flowers their revels hold,
And elfin banquet pledge in solid gold.
Fit scene, meet haunt, around ye may descry
For spirit-things—if spirits should be nigh:—
Cool waves the sycamore its darksome shades,
And silvery aspens bend in light arcades;
The clustered oaks a greener roof extend,
And the grey ash doth with the beeches blend.
Beneath fair bloom the flowers in mingling dyes,
And water-shrubs along the margin rise;
So thick and gay, no hand of man had care
With toil or studious art to plant them there;

But ever springing as the seasons run,
Spread their young foreheads to the nursing Sun;
In balmy showers their growing leaves unclose,
And scent each breeze that o'er the forest blows.
Such place had been in classic days of eld
By pastoral gods with sacred joy beheld;
Here ancient Pan had tuned his reed, and all
The mirthsome Dryads hailed the favourite call;
With bounding Fauns some sportive measure wove
By Lyd's gay margin and romantic grove,
Till music's echoes bade the wild rejoice,
And rugged rocks sighed back the tuneful voice.

For me, my sylvan Harp, unheedful strung,
On the witch-elm beside the Cataract hung;
Hath felt at intervals the passing breeze
Swell o'er its chords, and soften by degrees—
Still lingering,—as in timid love to ask
The wonted tribute of this spell-born task!
Where winds and waters every echo fill
With noble promptings to poetic skill;
Such as, by common ear unheard, unknown,
Inspire and charm the Poet's heart alone;

Whose spirit moulded by some secret power
Yields to the unseen Genius of the Bower;—
Yet as he sings, but only half reveals
The winning sense his eager bosom feels,
In wood or wild, in forest, or in glen,
Taught by the secret soul that warms him then.

June 16, 1827.

"SWEET 'TIS WHERE MOON-LIGHT FOUNTAINS WEEP."

SWEET 'tis, where moonlight fountains weep,
To watch with steadfast eye,
How glassed in calm reflection sleep
Fair star, and lofty sky:
To hear the voice of midnight breeze
Like murmured music rise;
Or, lost amid the distant trees,
Die off in leafy sighs.

For then the Spirit of the spot
Deep in our heart we feel,
And from the weight of earthly lot
Our willing bosoms steal:
A breathing fills the silent air,
As if to soothe away
From off our brow each trace of care,
Remembrance of the Day!

Then may we love all loveliest things,
  Star, gemmed drop, and flower;
No heart-deceiving treachery springs
  From such delighted hour;
Whate'er the feeling, glad or deep,
  Of eye or spirit then,
These glorious dreams of Nature's sleep
  Look back to us agen!

STANZAS.

There is a memory so wrought
  Amid the fibres of my heart,
All else may come and go,—that thought,
  That only, never can depart.

The storms of life around it breathe,
  The waves of fortune o'er it roll,
And yet it rests more bright beneath
  The troubled ocean of my soul.

Fate hath its worst essayed,—but not
  That gem of truth might fate destroy;
That relic ne'er to be forgot,
  That shadow of a vanished joy.

Slight though it seemed—an airy hope—
  A phantom in the rainbow hued—
It hath been strong with all to cope,
  And all, hath in its strength subdued.

It liveth on, like to the Stars
That shine though ages pass them by;
Amid this world of human jars
A very star-beam of the sky.

A thing immortal, though assigned
With perishable things to rest—
The guiding light that fills my mind,
The dearest life-string of my breast.

And there in secret hallowed most,
Where never lowlier feeling came,—
Existence would as soon be lost,
Since *that* and being are the same.

WRITTEN

ON THE OCCASION OF A GREAT TEMPEST, WHICH HAPPENED AT DARTMOOR.—*February*, 1826.

HARK! from the cloud of Midnight bursts the roll
  Of warring winds in elemental gush—
As if some wrathful Spirit poured his soul
  In the full peal of that portentous rush:
  Louder and longer than the Thunder's crush
Sweeps the wild breath of storms from hill to hill;
  And then, that trial of fury past—a hush,
Awful and strange, the ether seems to fill,
And in that gathering pause, all waiteth dumb and still.

A moment—and that ominous Immense
  Is full of voice, the murmur of a roar—
Even as the Tempest's stirred Omnipotence
  Its note of preparation sent before:
  And from its secret magazines, the store
Of wrath and rage is through the concave sent;
—Scarce stand these mountain-summits, jagged and hoar
With thousand storms, and scant with peaks unrent
Lift their impendent brows, braving the Element.

Up Sleeper! Listen to the hurricane
That rolls its raging pennons through the sky—
Hear wakened Spirits on each blast amain,
With start and shriek its mighty voice outvie;
Look forth! the blackness mocks thy labouring eye,
The touch of whirlwinds checks thy faltering breath;
Nought may endure amid the expanse on high,
Below, around,—but ministries of Death,—
For terror rules the air, and walks the worlds beneath.

Thou startest at the conflict, loud and wild,
Where all the links of being seem to crack;—
Turn'st thou so pale, high Nature's recreant child,
To hear the blast its halls ethereal track?
My bosom loves the airy cataract;
My ear communes with every awful sound;
Whether of rising Spirits in the rack
Of the rent clouds, or when, unchecked around,
Destruction's Angel speaks, and horror bursts its bound.

I stand beside my casement, and so note
The Northern-West in middle air prevail;
Then hear the misty South, impetuous float
O'er the dark Vast, and thunder in the gale:

Anon the flashing shower, and the big hail
Sharp-shot, the angry elements supply;
Like arrows of the giant, which ne'er fail
In Anak-hand, those icy weapons fly
From the great bow of Heaven, and scatter o'er the sky.

Now, all that fleet artillery is spent,
A trance of silence holds the powers o'ercome,
And Nature, strained through every tegument,
Racked into faintness, lieth chill and numb.
The blasts are blown into a stilly hum,
As from deep caves their trumpet echoes were;
As if some God controlling, struck them dumb,
With hand more mighty than the mightiest there,
And left instead of wrath, but murmurs of despair.

Yet they again shall, though retreating, rave
Till the grey Morn doth from her chambers peep,
While from its hidden font, each teeming wave
O'er bank and mound with answering rage shall sweep:
Then from their ridge what foamy masses leap;
The heights rebellow to their watery roar;
Dash the maned billows through the valleys deep,

And, rending the wild confines of their shore,
On to the Ocean-vast with strength impetuous pour.

Such is the voice of these so placid skies,
When moved by passionate impulsion strong;
So from our earth appalling answers rise,
When in the solemn midnight loosed among
The mountain peaks, dark clouds and whirlwinds throng:
And man shrinks back before the awful rage,
Where to the strife, loud tempests sweep along;
Where all this great Creation dares engage,
And wind, wave, earth and sky, their Titan battles wage.

STANZAS.

I WOULD not seek Life's flowery vale,
To breathe and dream my hours away;
I would not love alone to sail
On surgeless deeps, in Summer day:
Though round me spread the Spring-tide bloom,
Though waft my bark the placid Sea;
The dangerous crag, the tempest's gloom,
The ocean-vast, have charms for me!

I would not squander youth-hood's hour
In trifling joys, and arts of nought;
Nor waste its faculties of power,
In busy idleness of thought;
Far rather those o'erclouded peaks,
Though lone and lofty, would I try,
Where Wisdom's voice in murmur speaks,
Half heard between the earth and sky.

Each question of sublimer aim,
  Inquiring reason prompts to know;
The sparks of truth's unsullied flame,
  —They are but only sparks below!
The feelings none beside explore,
  The thoughts that wander worlds alone—
Till like the things it ponders o'er
  The spirit's tameless grasp be grown:—

All these be mine!—and more, if dream
  Of more, to clay-doomed souls be given—
Diverging rays of God, that seem
  Far less allied to earth than heaven!
O'er them my musings rest!—the book
  Of mind's and passion's clear-obscure;
What eye upon its page may look,
  And unenthralled, that page endure?

There chief the towering hope that springs
  From dust and darkness, would I win;
That hope which, buoyed on Eagle's wings,
  Is nerved and nourished from within.

And as the Eagle's fearless eye
  Undazzled brooks the noon-day blaze,—
So mine should pierce the vail on high,
  Nor shrink—where hardly Seraphs gaze.

And with such liking—pure and proud—
  Congenial might my fates appear!
Unmingling with the world's great crowd,
  Like planet of another sphere;
And if but dim descried afar,
  Because through haze of distance seen—
While many a nearer, gaudier star,
  May flaunt its glare of light between.

And for the joys of living,—vain
  If chosen where our choice may err—
Alone with Nature, free and fain,
  Heart, soul, and sense, would cleave to her;
Where, far within the wilderness,
  By bending boughs, and torrents' roar,
Year after year more used to bless,
  She should be prized and loved the more.

I would not build a Pyramid,
Wherein my breathless dust to lay;
Nor rest beneath the sculptured lid
Of some proud tomb that scorns decay;
Nor yet the pomp that mocks the dead
With useless rite, to me desire,—
When from the world the spirit fled,
May of the world no more require.

Yet if 'twere worth a care, and power
To choose a tomb, my fortunes gave—
On some hoar summit's rock-built tower
The Blue should canopy my grave:
And wonted there around my sleep
Red lightnings blaze, and tempests stir;
And winds bemoan, and dark clouds weep
Above the mighty sepulchre.

And then perchance,—if such our lot,
Unbodied from this prison cell,—
A spirit of that lofty spot,
I might possess the invisible:

For scantly we this page may learn,
Where doubt distracts life's varying line;
—Soon shall the leaf of being turn,—
Enough of Earth, if these be mine!

February, 1822.

"THERE IS A CALM SUBLIMELY DEEP."

THERE is a calm sublimely deep,
Where youth's impetuous passions sleep,
When wearied in the fruitless chase
For bliss of heart, or pride of place,
They feel no more the rushing charm
That swells its pulses to alarm—
Or joy to mingle in the strife,
The hopes, the fears, the toils of life;
But leave unto Earth's younger heirs,
The good or ill that once was theirs.

Then doth the lightning of the eye,
That burned so fierce, or flashed so high,
Become a mild and sun-light ray,
Where thoughts tumultuous sink away;
As tempests, when their rage is spent,
Turn to a placid element.
The spirit of our bosom then
Walks mid the busy paths of men,
As they who leave some better sphere
To wander in the deserts here.

Yea! deserts these,—where scorpion darts
Distract the silence of our hearts;
Where serpents to our bosom wind,
And leave the poisoned trace behind;
Where Simoon passions rushing blow
Our footsteps to the wilds of woe:
And every hope that once became
A nobler, or a worthier aim,
Now cold and powerless, moves no more
The fervent breast it ruled before.

But yet when these have ceased to prey,
To grieve, to gladden, or betray;
When Disappointment comes to spoil
The fervour of our featless toil;
Then is the hour when never more
A blight can touch the Rose's core;
But all is gone for aye, that led
Our step those dangerous walks to tread,
Where o'er the quicksands of dismay,
The treacherous lights of passion play.

How tame the pulse, how mild the gaze,
That then unfettered mind obeys!

Ambition's spirit ne'er again
Can raise its visions, wild or vain;
Revenge no more, in fevered pause,
Win every feeling to its cause;
Nor Love,—that Idol of the heart,
Still first to come, and last to part,—
E'er crush with its triumphant wheel
The trembling breast that dares to feel.

When shall that peace to me be given!
On earth, and yet allied to heaven!
That quietude of soul and sense,
So pure, so stirless, so intense!
Where scarce the evil of the Past
Is on the Mind's smooth mirror glassed;
But all our dreams can image fair
The forms of heaven to lure us there,—
And bid us this dark world contemn,
In faith sublime to dwell with them!

June 26, 1825.

CLEOPATRA.

Bright was the fleeting Vision—for methought
I did on that Egyptian Syren gaze—
Imperial Beauty! whose dark eye was fraught
With fiery spells that dimmed an Empire's rays.
I saw her! and beside her regal blaze,
That Roman, who for her enchantment gave
Power, glory,—life and fame;—Love's loftiest slave,
Wearing his bonds, and blessing them with praise.
She trod on Orient thrones, as they had been
Too slight to win from that bewildering eye
One bend of cognisance:—She stood a Queen,
Love's Empress only!—and in bright disdain
Claimed all the impassioned heart's idolatry,
As that alone o'er which she stooped to reign.

ON PERSEPOLIS.

HALLS of departed glory!—thus o'erthrown,
And crumbling to the desert dust agen—
Were ye the place of empire?—Ye, thus lone,
Thus lost to triumph, and apart from men?
Thy columned roofs lift up the shattered head,
Wreathed with the weeds of ages; which unsown
Root in the chinks of ruin, and o'erspread
Pomp's radiant courts, and Power's exploded throne.
Proud Istakar! thy greatness is a dream
Gone down into the gulf of vanished Time:
Yet through those closing mists, we glimpse a beam
Left of the long-set Sun;—a glow sublime,
Half quenched in clouds, through which but meets our eye
The dusk remembrance of a world gone by!

ON THE SAME.

Proud thrones, and living Cities, first in worth!
Go! read the wrecks of glorious Chilminar—
The epitaph of empires, o'er whose birth
Rose in its light, Ambition's Morning-Star:
Go! view its gorgeous fragments—ye, that are;—
These were earth's lofty places—here hath mirth
Tuned her incessant viol; and Victory's car
Rolled from the vanquished corners of the Earth.
Shades of the mighty! speak, what are ye now?
Where rule your sceptres, and who swells your song?
Woe! woe! to earth's annihilated strong!
The wheel of scorn hath crushed their Titan brow,
And blent them with Destruction's countless throng—
Alas! we know not when, and guess not how!

"WHEN THEY WHO FROM OUR WORLD DEPART."

When they who from our world depart
Have left a spell of love behind;
Their image fills the tender heart,
Their memory soothes the pensive mind:
We fear not by the spot to stray
Wherein their hallowed relics sleep—
Or o'er the turf that wraps their clay,
The long and lonely vigil keep.

We almost think the placid air
Is with their hovering spirit warm;
Till scarce our passioned eye forbear
To view once more each vanished form:
Whatever buds or blossoms o'er
That bed of rest, to us is dear—
As if such semblance might restore
Th' unbodied soul abiding near.

'Tis but our phantasy, or love,
That wakes in softened feeling then—
Yet who would lose such heart to prove
The colder thoughts of common men?

Oh who would wander to the place
That holds his dearest—nor believe
Their being rife in every trace
The loved and lost around us leave?

For still the living bosom clings
To them,—and bears its date of breath,
But that each hour more nearly brings
The union wrought alone by Death;
And pondering thus beside that mould,
Touched with the friendship of regret,
Might vainly strive to be as cold
As they who loved but to forget.

ON LONGAFORD TOR—

ONE OF THE HILLS OF DARTMOOR.

SPIRE of the mountains—lifting proud
The grandeur of thy stony crest,
As 'twere to woo each passing cloud
Upon thy giant brow to rest;
And where the Falcon's lonely nest
Amid the crannied peaks is piled,
Defy that truant hands molest
Thine own aërial child!

Here, seated on thy rock-built tower,
—A place of ancient days remote—
Our heart hath felt thy mountain power,
Our eyes thy mountain prospects note;
The mists that o'er far summits float,
The granite crag at distance viewed;
Where man himself but looks a mote,
Amid the Solitude!

The gush of wild-winds as they spring
Low murmuring round thy heathy side,

A fresher incense seem to bring,
  A purer tone of joy provide;
  And as along our brow they glide,
Methought in every touch to trace
  A spirit, felt, but undescried,
—The Genius of the Place.

What dreams are ours, thus pondering mid
  The Desert all around us spread!
Half seen in light, in shade half hid,
  Dusk vales below, rocks overhead;
  And where the cataract flashing dread
Boils up in its tremendous glee,—
  By the blithe crowd unvisited,
—Yet sought and loved by me.

While wandering then to depths of eld,
  We fashion forth what thou might'st be,
Ere yet by mortal eye beheld,
  Cradled in Ocean mystery!
  Did the loud Main once roll o'er thee
Its billowy surge?—And wert thou then
  Thus heaped by the conflicting sea,—
A marvel unto men?

This Citadel of Rocks, that rise
O'er thy slope side, as 'twere a crown;
From which on many a wild our eyes,
Measuring the waste extent, look down,—
O'er which ten thousand storms have blown,
And merely bleached;—Say, was it here
Dark rites in ancient days were done,
And sacrifice of fear?

Did here barbaric Flamens stand,
Feeding their mountain-altar proud;
And while its flame the breezes fanned,
Bless from on high the awe-struck crowd?
Hath here the knee in reverence bowed
At the Great Spirit's name—where they
Might deem in every floating cloud
He veiled his mighty ray.

All these are passed,—and thou no more
Art fane or altar;—yet below
Blue Dart winds on, e'en as of yore
His sacred waters there might flow:

And still the winds above thee blow,
Thy kindred heights are unestranged;
The same the grass and heather grow—
Man only hath been changed!

Scarce hoarier seems the ancient Wood,*
Whose shivered trunks of age declare
What scath of tempests they have stood,
In the rock's crevice rooted there:
Yet still young foliage, fresh and fair,
Springs forth each mossy bough to dress,
And bid e'en Dartmoor's valleys share
A Forest-wilderness.

Thou Tor—farewell! How many an age
O'er thee the Stars their rays shall shed!
How many a time the Whirlwind rage
In bursting wrath around thy head!
The Torrent thunder through its bed,
The sky be rent with flashing flame—
And yet when blast and bolt are sped,
Thine eyrie stand the same!

* Wistman's Wood, near Longaford Tor.

Man may encroach—but never plough
Shall o'er thy craggy summit pass—
His roofs may grow around—but thou
Untouched shalt lift thy mountain-mass;
And when all he hath wrought, must class
With things gone by,—thy rugged brow,
And its thin wreath of desert grass,
Remain as they are now.

July 21, 1824.

SONNET.—ON BAIR-DOWN, DARTMOOR.

THOU dell of vernal freshness and delight!
Set like a radiant jewel mid the steeps;
Sheltered and clasped by every rugged height
That o'er each nook Titanic vigil keeps,—
I seek thee, and I love thee,—even when creeps
The twilight breeze amid thy sprays so slight;
Or through thy dark pines waving, into heaps
Tosses their massy boughs with giant might.
And unto thee I come, and where the wave
Of waters, turbulent or placid, flows,
I wander too, and watch those billows lave
Their moss-grown banks, and blossoms of repose:
Bright wave! sweet banks! where thy young Genius gave
His own pure breath to every bud that blows.

May 14, 1826.

SONNET.

THERE is a glory on the dark rough hill,
When the low Sun his setting radiance throws;
There is a beauty seems wide space to fill,
When the fair Moon in stainless lustre glows;
There is a charm in Summer's mossy rose,—
A music on the gale, and in the rill
That through its reeds with bubbling whisper flows:—
There is a grandeur when the clouds unfold,
And the dread Tempest's voice bursts forth, until
Man can but listen; while its thunderings rolled
Mid the torn skies, arouse the answering Main.
Oh Earth! Air! Ocean! wherefore should we seek
Language, save yours?—The Eternal's glorious fane,
Where oracles of Heaven around us speak!

TO THE STARS.

INDISSOLUBLE Lights! Ye bright and fair
Empyreal Stars, emblazoning the Blue!
Now the still midnight sits serenely there,
Through what great deeps of Heaven ye meet our view!

Enthroned like Hierarchs of God, ye shine
O'er countless worlds, unseen of mortal eyes;—
What skill can measure, or what thought define
Yon mighty Arch,—your own eternal skies?

And what may *we,* earth's Children, guess of ye—
We things of dust—*you,* mysteries of heaven?
So high, so beautiful, that as we see,
New spirit to our eyes and hearts is given?

What hour was that you first essayed to roll
Forth from the abyss of nothing and of night;
When the Eternal's interfusing Soul
Breathed upon Chaos, and ye sprung to light?

And moved in march celestial, to the chime
Of Seraph harps, that hailed Creation's day—
—Birth of the Universal Vast! when Time
Was meted first by each unfailing ray?

Wide spread your Constellations—and more wide
Lit up the immeasurable fields of Space;
Sun kindled Sun, and world to world allied,
Filling in glory their appointed place.

Then, girdling the illimitable height,
The Milky Zone spanned yon incessant sphere;
Then the young Pleiades, arrayed in light,
With clustered radiance congregated near;

And great Orion shone, and far on high,
Arcturus lightened o'er the void Immense;
And every star unclosed its burning eye,
Brightening the pathway of Omnipotence.

First-born of forms material! by what name
Shall we salute ye, when our kindling heart
Leaps at the view of that o'er-shining frame,
Whereof we here discern a little part?

Not like to them of elder days, may we
Profane our better knowledge, and adore;
Kissing the uplifted hand, and unto ye
Bidding our thoughts in evil worship soar.

Nor yet, like the Chaldean, read your spheres
As Fate's unerring book, wherein to find
The face of seasons, and the sign of years,—
The weal or woe of lowly human-kind!

Majestic and imperishable things!
Bright, eloquent, and life-bestowing Stars!
Vain is the dreaming thought that weakly brings
Your course divine to league with earth-born jars.

Yet not in vain we look upon you there,—
Great volume, pictured by Jehovah's hand!
Whose beams our heart-deep passions ever share,
Sublimely pure, magnificently grand.

And so partaking, even while we gaze,
Something that breathes indeed of heaven, we turn
Our spirits unto you, and from your rays
The wordless transcript of His glory learn.

STANZAS.—WRITTEN AT DARTMEET, ON DARTMOOR.

By Darts' blue wave the Harp is still,
No echo, save the billow's roar,
Is heard from Sherber's rugged hill
To wind along its forest-shore;

And where the twofold streams roll down,
White flashing round yon roughened fell;
Through whistling oaks, and sedges brown,
No softer voice is heard to swell.

Yet, wave ye boughs! where Dartmeet's Vale
Doth in the Summer-noon repose;
Oh wave! some voice shall yet prevail
Your mystic breathings to disclose!

Though Moorland hinds, belated, start
Amid that haunted Wilderness,
And deem the Spirits of the Dart
A warning sound of woe express;—

Or scathed with fear, direct their way
By scattered Cairn, and broken grave;
Awe-struck the mountain-peaks survey,
And tremble as the wild-winds rave.

Yet if poetic ear should note
Those boughs with all their rustling leaves—
What sounds of air-born music float!
What viewless hand the branches heaves!

What joy, by Dart's loud gushing stream
The voices of the Wild to hear,—
And watch the troublous waters gleam
Far onward, in their fleet career.

While not a thrilling vein should move
The Bard's congenial breast to fear;—
He only feels the hallowing love
That makes the things of Nature dear.

And through their channel as he sees
The spell-touched billows glide below;
Or in the echoes of the trees
Hears the charmed breath of spirits blow:

His soul comes back!—that flood of Song!
The magic strings obey the call!
So pure, so present, and so strong,
From heart and hand the measures fall.

Then bend, ye Woods! your shadowy boughs,
Let all your rushing breezes speed,—
The answers of the Desert rouse,
The Bard your symphony shall heed.

And you, Oh plighted Streams! that roll
Together on in bridal glee—
Fair Rivers! let the minstrel's soul
Exult in unison with ye.

"HIGH HOPES OF THE BRAVE."

High hopes of the Brave, shall ye perish for aye,
Like the Summer-tree, blasted and riven?
Shall the sword of the fierce in its terrible sway,
Be hung o'er the chosen of Heaven?
And ye, who have wrestled with rage and despair,
Who have bled for redemption and glory,—
Again shall you suffer, again shall you bear
Revenge, overwhelming and gory?

Oh is not the measure of Tyranny full?
Is not its high corner-stone shaken?
Comes not from far regions a breath to annul
The charter of power it hath taken?
That edifice vast of exaction and wrong,
Which wrong and oppression have founded,
Must yield to the hand hath been fettered so long,
When Freedom's last trumpet is sounded!

And like to the Hebrew, thrice strong in despair,
When he crushed in Philistia her greatest;
More dread shall the fall of the mighty be, where
That vengeance is left to the latest:
The tempest which many a region hath stirred,
May scatter in wrath as it rages;—
But louder and longer the bolt shall be heard,
To avenge the oppression of Ages!

SONNET.

Heroic Spirits, who have fought and died
In truth of heart, for Freedom's hallowed name;
How shall we speak our bosom's soul of pride,
That swells in joy of your immortal fame?
Ye! who could combat agony or shame,
To be mankind's avengers,—when the strong
Trampled in fury on their brethren long
Ere you the waste of tyranny o'ercame!
What tomb should rise unto ye—what fair pile
Guard your thrice holy relics, to disprove
That *all* in links of iron bondage move?
Where build your sepulchre——Weak thought and vile!
Hearts only, hearts that power cannot defile,
Are the magnificent Cenotaph you love!

SONNET.

THOU quiet Midnight—starred with worlds divine,
My hour congenial! when all human stir
Is hushed and gone,—and Nature doth prefer
A shadow and a glory, like to thine:
When this great Universe becomes a shrine
Of majesty and power; a register
And chronicle, whose pages cannot err,
Blazoned in gems of God's eternal mine.
This darkness is but that their beam may pour
Brighter on eyes material; and display
In the full glow of each immortal ray,
Knowledge, earth's sullen hearts had not before;
Winning, while ever showing more and more,
The eloquent lesson, none can teach as they.

INVOCATION TO THE HARP OF ZION.

Sweet Harp of Zion! Harp! where rung
High themes to heavenly music sung,
When solemn strains, or earthless words,
Were breathed upon thy hallowed chords;
While touch of Prophet-fingers woke
The awful tones, whose fire bespoke
His Voice, Who on the whirlwind trod,
The promptings of the Living God!
Until to kindling bosoms came
The spark of that immortal flame,
And holy voices, one by one,
Rapt into sacred unison,
With Bard's and Prophet's mingled lays,
Breathed high the choral hymn of praise.

Sweet Harp of Zion! taught of old,
Time's mighty prospect to unfold,—
When o'er the earth, with beam divine,
The second glorious Morn should shine;
And to the balm-besprinkling skies,
Salvation's shadowing Branch arise,

When sandy vales in waste and gloom,
Should with the Spring's first freshness bloom ;
And, mid the wildering Desert drear,
The fountain's fall delight the ear :—
When the great Sun, with faded ray,
Should be no more the guide by day ;
Nor changeful Moon, nor starry train,
Arise in yon cerulean plain ;
But nations, saved from tenfold night,
Walk safely in their Saviour's light.

But wherefore now no more arise
Thy once celestial melodies ?
Mute Harp, around thy broken shell,
The clouds of doubt and darkness dwell !
No more by Bard or Prophet rung,
Thy tones forgot, thy wires unstrung,—
Thou hang'st as when the vengeful ire
Of dread Assyria quenched thy fire ;
While, withering on Euphrates' tree,
No song of Salem breathed from thee !
Thou hang'st in silence !—save when sweep
The midnight winds across thy sleep !

And many a murmur, wild and low,
Seems from thy riven chords to flow:—
As if that lone lament might call
Thine ancient spirit from its thrall,
In dirges due to wail again
The vanished hopes of Judah's strain.

Oh Harp! the hands whose touch controlled
Thy tones sublime, in days of old,
Are mingled with the desert dust
That rises on the whirlwinds gust;
And prostrate mid her mouldering fanes,
Thy Salem weeps the stranger's chains.
O'er foreign shores unfriended roam
Her exiled race, nor own a home—
For feet profane have heedless trod
The courts where dwelt the LIVING GOD!
Then, Harp of Zion! wherefore raise
Thy music of departed days—
Or strive once more the voice to bring
That fell from every powerful string?
What theme remains to fill the Song,
But tyrant rule, and Israel's wrong;

And woes which many a darkling age
Hath gathered o'er their heritage?

Though darkness shroud thee,—yet once more
Thy strains of ancient days restore!
The same majestic voice that woke
When Jesse's son thy silence broke;
The same cherubic spirit poured
So sweetly from his answering chord,
Whose prophet-lip the awful Seven
Touched with peculiar fire from heaven!
The Light hath risen o'er Salem's towers,
The Morn hath glanced on Jordan's bowers;
The Rose of Sharon breathes to twine
Its sacred leaf on Sibma's vine;
En-gedi's palm its wreath bestows,
More bright the bloom of Carmel glows!
Be silent then no more, thou shell!
Idumea's airs around thee swell;
Lift up thy voice! and echoes lone
Once more shall answer to its tone;—
And while that sound awakes agen
To nobler themes than waked thee then,

Oh Harp of Zion! let thy sound
Breathe o'er the world's remotest bound,
And, to thy notes of ancient days,
Proclaim the great Messiah's praise!

January 1822.

"SWEET IS THE SABBATH OF THE HEART."

SWEET is the Sabbath of the heart,
When the world's evil thoughts depart,
When comes a moment pure and bright,
A nobler, more serene delight!
When stirs no passion but can bring
A current to that hallowed spring,
Whose even tide reflects more clear
The lustres of a holier sphere.

Oh sweet it is to feel the Mind
Above its human lot refined—
Arising on a pinion proud,
Like eagle-wing that scales the cloud:—

Till, as these earthly forms decay,
A worthier hope the soul can sway,
And almost rend the fragile tie,
That holds our spirit from the sky.

Think ye, 'tis easy so to break
Those clay-born chains that *seem* so weak?
Think ye our heart, in sudden power,
Can from its ancient bondage tower?
Alas! the thought, though fond, is vain,—
Minions of pleasure or of pain,
Our faltering bosoms waste their glow
Among insensate things below!

Yet if a spark indeed we share,
Of fires, Angelic bosoms bear;
If not by human weakness awed,
We turn our brightening thoughts to God—
Then may we, step by step, arise,
Each nearer tending to the skies;
Until we glimpse, through Life's dim gray,
The twilight of Eternal day.

Surpassing moment! when thus seen,
That dawn hath scarce a cloud between;
When, though but for brief space, we know
And feel, what earth can ne'er bestow;—
A shadow of that loftier bliss
Which was not meant for worlds like this—
But only to the perfect given,
The perfect hearts, whose home is Heaven!

September 11, 1824.

SONNET.

Oh love of great and excellent,—the pride
To set our own among each mightier name,
Which by the Delian altar, shrined in fame,
Shall ever on its sacred rolls abide:
To be of glorious mention, undenied
A portion like to theirs:—spark of the flame,
The living fire from heaven itself that came
When men and angels conversed side by side,
What if earth's clouds unfairly intervene,
Shall we not strive? Though giant hinderance mars
Our soul's best aim, like the fell dungeon-bars,
Shall we forbear?—No! rather for the unseen
Press onward, spurning all that rests between
This ardent heart, and yon immortal stars!

ODE.

HAUNTS rarely trod of human step,—Haunts wild
And wondrous, and majestical! I come
To your tumultuous scene
Unbidden visitant.

Where waters rush, and into snowy spray
Leap back against the overhanging ledge,
Where the dark pines shoot up
To the recumbent clouds;

Where voices of wild echoes speak along
The crannying clefts of those primeval rocks;
Piled up, as by the shock
Of a disruptured world:

Where, while we gaze into the vague abyss,
The dizzy brain swims round, and the awed eye
Recoils to penetrate
The infinite below;

But fastens rather its stunned vision on
The boughs, which o'er that imminent profound
Wave their defying arms,
Shadowing its place of fear!

Oh scenes! Oh Genius of the Wilderness!
Thou tutelary God, who doest abide
Here,—where I too now am,
Loving it like to thee;

Give me the spirit contemplant, the firm eye
Piercing thy veil; and in thy chosen spot
Remote from man to dwell
Worthy alone of thee!

REFLECTIONS ON LIFE.

A FRAGMENT.

And this is Life! this momentary fret
Of restlessness and rage—this woof wherein
Threads bright and dark are mingled to a web
Of pleasure and of pain! 'Tis like a day
Of sunny sweetness, whereupon the cloud,
Blown by some scathing tempest, darkly comes
Blotting the noon-day azure. For e'en so
The blights of fortune, the distracting throes
Gendered of black Remorse, the wants of Nature,
Hunger, and thirst, and pain come down upon us:
And last of all unkindly Dissolution
Saps the frail tenement,—and so we fall.
If we be all our brethren envy, still
What are we?—nothing, simply nothing, though
We have all things the brimming tide of good
Casts on the shelvy shores of this our being.
If we have Health, then too we also have
The fear of those gaunt fiends we do not feel;
All the innumerous pangs disease incurs.
If we have Nature's masterpiece—the form

And face of seraph Beauty,—what befalls
But to see year by year, nay, day by day,
The picture fade, till we in horror turn
From our own gray reflection? Should we be
Rich in the demon gold, and heap with gems
Of sultry Ind our coffers; can they buy
Youth unto age? or ease in groaning pain?
Or full satiety, when Famine starves
The parched-up earth? Then wherefore do we call
Them who have one, or all of these same gifts,
The happier?—And yet doth this span of sense,
This feverish Life, wrung from the elements,
The unknowing elements of earth and heaven,
Inclose bright sparks whereon our passions breathe
Like hurricanes, and blow them into flame.
Our thoughts mount up unto the very sky;
Higher than Angels soar, the while all griefs
Of human sufferance crush us. Oh ye Heavens!
Interpret this dim character called Life.—
Or set light in mine eyes that I may read
Its darknesses more plainly.—

ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

ETERNAL SPIRIT! who dost bind
All things with thy celestial Name—
Creative Presence! Living Mind!
In all the same.

Rolling the stars upon their way
Amid that vaulted Sapphirine;
Great Universe, whose every ray
Was lit from Thine.

Whose every agitation came
From thee, the Centre of the whole;
Moving by thy ethereal flame—
Blank matter's soul!

Where suns in their eternal blaze
Their zone of errant planets keep;
To where the wheeling comet strays
Into the Deep.

Wandering the trackless Infinite,
A pilgrim glory from afar,
And filling up its urn of light
At every Star.

Even from these unto the leaf,
That opens in the vernal day,
So fragile, and of date so brief,
Yet fair as they.

And to our perishable eyes
Beaming of wonders wrought of Thee—
The Spirit-Framer of the skies,
And flower, and tree!

We know Thee not—we dimly read
Thy workings in whate'er we see,
Yet still decypher that great creed,
The thought of Thee.

And what if Thy seraphic train
Of mightier essence soar above,
Not more than we, may *they* attain
That sense of love.

They wing the highest, and behold
Thy power in each diviner place,
Which, while by this dark earth controlled,
We cannot trace.

And they were clothed from first of time
With immortality and light,
The very heaven of heavens to climb,
And fill the height.

While *we* with lowly step must here
Approach that height with eye alone;
Far off from each excelling sphere
Archangels own.

They view Thee face to face—they see
Thy new creations rise around,
When some Omnipotent decree
Stirs the profound.

We only know Thee by the aid
Of ear or eye—the chinks whereby
From this, our else unbroken shade,
We read the sky!

Mysterious Spirit! wilt Thou not
Pour Thy full ray upon the blind;
And from its intervening blot
Set free the mind?

So to adore Thee, as do they
Who in the perfect beam abide;
Soaring from doubt and fear away,
Thou all their guide.

Thou! Everlasting! who dost bind
Alike all beings with Thy Name,
Spreading its glory unconfined
To all the same!

July 17, 1825.

"SPRING UP OH WELL!"

NUMBERS XXI. 17.

Spring up Oh Well!—mid thirsty sands
  Are scattered Israel's drooping race;—
Spring up Oh Well! in foreign lands
  To bless the exile's dwelling-place!
Though not to greet thy living flow,
  Shall choral voice, or timbrel sound,
Yet sweetly for the sons of woe
  Thy lucid wave may murmur round.

Spring up Oh Well!—though now no more
  The princely train beside thee stand;
Though Israel's days of pride be o'er,
  Yet glad us in a stranger-land!
Though now no more the trumpet tone
  With voice of triumph o'er thee swell;
Though all be hushed, and dark, and lone,
  Around us now;—Spring up Oh Well!

Spring up Oh Well!—there yet from far
May rise in yonder sky sublime;
Some cheering ray, some guiding star
To lead us to our native clime;
Then o'er us pour thy stream benign,
Like freshness of the Morning's tears;
And wash from Judah's fainting line
The dust and stain of thousand years.

Spring up Oh Well! redeeming flow!
To lave our hearts from grief and sin;
Our Zion waits the hour when so
Be joy without, and hope within;
Sweet Mercy's font, once more arise!
Of old to erring Israel given;
And from thy bright source in the skies
Bring down restoring peace with Heaven.

SONNET.—MIDNIGHT.

'Tis Midnight—hour of Contemplation's lore—
When here amid the mountains all is still,
Save that which never rests; the billowy roar
Of wildly gushing waters, which fulfil
Their downward travel, wearing in each hill,
Whereby they roll, green nooks in which to cast
Their toil of waves. Oft too the awaking blast
Mutters in distant wrath; and sternly chill
Echo the darkening clouds. Look forth, and view
Pale Nature by the torch-light of her few
Dim, half-appearing Stars;—dost thou not glow
To feel her spirit on thee? breathing through
Those vaults of rayless ether; and below
Heard in the fall of winds, or waves eternal flow!

ODE.

Not in the eye where beams of joy are flashing,
Bright as the star that gilds the skies of Even;
Not on the roseate cheek, or brow unclouded,
Dwells loveliness alone.

Not from the lip with fluent tones enthralling,
Like music, all the bosom's hidden spirit—
Nor in the harmonies of Song, doth only
Speak love's bewitching lore.

No!—for in eyes where Sorrow doth inhabit,
Sweet eyes, though sad! Love also hath a dwelling;]
And on pale cheeks with tresses dark o'ershaded,
Recks not the Rose's bloom.

And when the voice of extasy is silent,
Hushed by the spoiler, Grief,—there is an echo,
Sent from the soul's abysses, ever breathing
That which Joy cannot learn.

But Love, immortal Love! alone interprets;
And to the mood of every changing feature
Comes like the sunshine o'er a thousand flowers,
Spreading his rays on all.

And with his holy consolation soothing
The thoughts that torture earth's o'er-harrowed bosom,
Lighting, with sparkle of the highest heaven,
These desert worlds below.

A PROSPECT ON DARTMOOR.

Wild scene amid the heathy fells!
Where rocks ascend, and torrent swells;
Wild scene, yet fair!—may song essay
Your lonely grandeur to pourtray;
Or from each fairy light and shade,
That sky and mountain there have made,
A picture like to this unfold,
To charm when we may not behold?

It is the time of sunset's hour,
When golden rays in stooping power,
Have kindled up the radiant sky
That bends o'er spreading Hisworthy;—
Thence deepening to a crimson glow,
From glen to glen they sweep below;
Brighten the Black brook's rugged stream,
O'er Dart's meandering waters beam;
And bid each floating shade o'er all
Like hues of Seraph-pinion fall,
Till full that parting ray is poured
On the blue peaks of Longaford;

As if some genie-spell were o'er
The shaggy summit of the Tor,
Which left in darker shadow then
The deep of Dart's romantic glen.

But far toward the North behold
O'er Mistor's brow the brightness rolled;
Whose Druid rocks in splendour rise,
Like tower and turret, on the skies;
As if around his peak were set
Rich spire, and fretted minaret,
All blazing in the fiery ray
That melts along the mountain gray;
While round the summit bright and red,
A belt of misty blue is spread;
Still darkening, as it skirts that throne
Of glory, in its mystic zone,
And ends in many a cloudy spire,
Where the dusk dells afar retire.

The Sun is gone!—a deeper hue
Hath given the wilds an aspect new—

There rests in lines of purple light,
A gem-like radiance o'er the height,
And all that thin slight veil of mist,
Becomes a tint of amethyst:
Yet so unearthly as 'tis thrown
On every gray and rugged stone,
Ye well might deem that ray to pass
Its tincture through a stainless glass;
Bidding each huge incongruous form
Melt into crystal bright and warm,
And so transfuse unto our eye
The softened colours of the sky.*

Now cast thy gaze to yonder round,
That wide horizon's girdling bound;
See, like a cloudy point in air,
Far High-tor's double summit there;
Or nearer to the azure grown,
Wild Rippin build its stirless throne;

* A beautiful appearance, not often witnessed, when sunset casts over the hills a peculiar shade of lilac purple, mixed with a golden hue—giving to every rock and peak the semblance of perfect transparency.

There too, in airy chain extending,
Peak after peak, huge hills are blending,
While the pale skies along their crest
In crimsoned silver seem to rest.

Think ye, while gazing on such wild,
By nature's earliest scene beguiled;
Think ye how here in days of eld,
The Druid-seer his power upheld;
When every prospect, rude or fair,
Some mystic meaning might declare;
Then as he saw that setting light
Gild the proud Altars of his height,
And scatter all its spirit dyes
In changing glory on the skies—
Deemed he some present God had given
That lustre to his lonely heaven,
And o'er the place of rite and prayer
Broke from his vail of cloudy air,
With sanctifying power to bless
The vast and solemn Wilderness.

And even now, though ages flown,
No awe have left for yonder stone;

Though here no breeze from height or fell,
To the high Prophet's harpings swell—
Yet still the same o'er hill and peak
The lights of dawn and sunset break—
The same from flashing torrent's side
Blue roll the clouds, the vapours glide;
And fancy still may image there
Strange shadowy forms enshrined in air;
Or hear from cave and rock rebound
A wild, low, spirit-wakened sound;
As once, in those barbaric days,
Far off might chant mysterious raise,
And bid the pondering thought revere
The dwelling of the Highest here.

TO ITALY.—WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1825.

LAND! once the pride of Earth!—degraded Land!
Where now the fetter seals the Roman name;
Hast thou no heart unslaved, no steel, no hand,
To rend from off thy neck the yoke of shame?

Where is thy coronal? thy sceptre, where?
And where the spirits like an Ocean's wave,
That rolled the Spoiler from thee—even ere
He bowed the knee of the subjected brave?

Is't not enough to perish?—must thou too,
Thus at the footstool of thy deadliest foe,
Grovel in dust—nor even dare to rue
The wrath of them whose fury laid thee low.

Italia! where the Scipio-spirit burned,
Where Cassius breathed, and Brutus struck the blow
Too little heeded! Say, are these inurned
For ever, that thy brow is prostrate so?

Hast thou no bosom left, wherein is yet
One drop of heroes' blood? where lies one spark
Of fires, earth's generations ne'er forget,
Lighting the world when all beside was dark.

Thy dust is from the tombs of mighty men;
Thy air was life to each heroic breast;
Who can regard thy reign of glory *then*,
Yet tamely at thy long abeyance rest?

We, Northern race! the Children of the Goth—
Feel yet thy life-drop mingled in our line;
We mourn thy fall, and execrate the wrath
Of them who riot o'er a fate like thine.

Oh Italy! the idolized of Fame—
Awake thee from thy ashes! spring once more
On Phœnix-wing, and mock the insatiate aim
Of these; to be what once thou wert before.

To be, the proud in spirit, the supreme
In arts and arms; the kindred of the free—
Till every soil be lighted by the beam,
That scatters wide recognisance of thee.

Regions that hailed not thee—a world unknown,
Hath started like a giant to the race;
Lit Freedom's fires in many a distant zone,
And met her awful spirit face to face.

Shall these, that see the Atlantic roll between,
Shall these be young, and thou in years decayed;
They, like some mountain-cedar, loftiest seen,
Thou, lightning-struck, in desolation laid?

Oh, once again thy glorious youth renew,
Like as the Eagle's—mocking time's despair;
Lo! the same soil wherein thy laurel grew,
—Wilt thou not plant its latest scion there?

Dante was thine, and Tasso breathed his song
To thee,—and thousand more thy spirit drew;
The proud, the great, the dignified, the strong,—
That were so rife,—alas! that are so few!

No more—enough is spoken! every word
That mourns for thee, should be a drop of fire;
Till gathering to a thunderbolt, 'twere heard
To bid the nations tremble or admire.

Or else, ye Earthquakes! open the abyss—
Ingulf at once the tyrant and the slave;
Better such uncreation, than like *this*
For aye to welter in an unclosed grave!

Thy epitaph should be the Junian name,
The Decii's deeds, the Cato's stern decree;
When thou should'st not a despot's rage proclaim,
Nor see *their* fame of old belied by thee.

But even with the Great, who greatly die,
Sleep gloriously, the scoff of earth no more;
Nor Helot-like, in vile example lie,
Thy name, thy spirit, blotted in thy gore.

STANZAS ON THE DEATH OF LORD BYRON.

Is thy Lyre dumb, thy hand unnerved, thy brow
Low-laid, and numbered with the unconscious dead?
Lord of the Island Harp! so soon art thou
From life's brief scene, like to a meteor fled,
That in portentous darkness hides its head.
For as the thunder's last long peal is borne
Slow on the wind—a voice of grief hath spread,
Till Albion's tuneful shores the sound return—
Byron! surpassing Mind! is it for thee we mourn?

The grave hath myriad offerings,—could there not
Some few more Summer-suns arise for thee;
Ere the dusk cloud that shadowed o'er thy lot,
Thus bore thee with it, to Eternity?
Death, the Destroyer! hath his land and sea;—
All Elements are his, all earth a tomb!
Yet gladlier doth he strike when there may be
Triumph the loved or lofty to resume,
Or for the perished great, all living bosoms gloom.

Kings had gone down unnoticed to the dust,
Deemed e'en by slaves unworthy of a tear;
Vainly Earth's mausoleums do they trust,
Whose sandy basis is the name of fear
Which sceptres can create, but not endear.
To thee a nobler meed belongs,—to thee
All-conquering Bard! we this memorial rear
Not built by mortal hands,—the fame as free
As ever strung its wreath on Delphi's sacred tree!

We that have heard thee as the Oracle
Of the soul's mightiest passions—we, who knew
What fervent breath of Song around thee fell,
Ruling our hearts, yet sweetly winning too!
We that have watched where'er thy Eagles flew,
Borne onward with thine own unfaltering thought;
Do we thy epitaph inscribe, and view
The mind that tyrants trembled at,—but sought
Upon the immortal page, thy master-hand hath wrought?

For thou wert Freedom's prophet—o'er thy Song
Mantles the soul which shall the world unyoke;

When despot sceptres, terrible too long,
Must pass and perish in the avenging stroke
Which shall the wrongs of centuries revoke.
And hast not thou begun it, while thy hand
The torpid strings to their first power awoke;
And with the unshrinking zeal, that none withstand,
Bowed every subject heart to Song's sublime command.

Land of the ancient mighty! Land! wherein
His youth fit theme for deathless verse surveyed,
Awakened Greece! the dirge of grief begin,
And breathe a requiem to our Byron's shade,
Worthy the hope thy days of fame have made!
He yet shall linger with thee—every shrine
Where freedom's fires of old their beam displayed;
Shall be the patriot Poet's home divine,
Till his unfettered soul be heard once more in thine!

Thou wert his inspiration in the hour
When his young Genius, like a new-born Star,
Rose in its majesty, an orb of power,
Scattering its morning radiance from afar:

And thou hast been his latest! with thee are
His thoughts still warm, indissolubly blent;
When in thy day of peril, and the war
For man and mercy, his own arm had lent
Its succour to thy cause—thy cause, his monument!

Yea—build it up on high! Earth cannot raise
A nobler cenotaph to his renown:—
Free Greece! the patriot's hope, the poet's praise,
Free Greece, his love of Freedom's weal should crown.
He hath not died in vain, if thou cast down
The Moslem fetter, and thy name restore
Again as erst it was—again to own
Thy forfeit energies, and sunward soar
Like to the Arabian bird, regenerate once more.

Proud is the Poet's fate, when o'er his bier
A Nation's tears are shed;—and thou, fair Greece,
Hast wept for Byron, and if Spirits hear
Earth's mourners, thine may bid him rest in peace:
For they are the Departed, whose decease
Hath left an orb unlighted by its Sun—

Ages roll on, whose living tides increase,
Filling the world's high shore, yet bring not one
Perchance like unto him whose Comet-course is done!

Is done, for he hath set;—but as the lord
Of yon bright Constellations o'er the sky,
Went down in glory. Wreathe ye Freedom's sword
In cypress as in myrtle;—for our eye
Is dashed with drops of grief, and witheringly
Her infant tree droops down:—Droops?—No!—Its head
Shall yet spring up, and flourish from on high,
Living and greenly fresh: its roots are fed
E'en with the heroic tear wept greatly o'er the Dead!

The voice that did inspire him, yet is heard
O'er-passioned and prevailing—'tis the spell
Great Nature sheds around her—the rapt word
That like the sun-light o'er his spirit fell:
For Nature's glories taught him, from the well
Of Truth's eternal fountain; God's own ray
Lighting the secret heart's most hidden cell;
Till human clouds before it rolled away,
And all the enfranchised mind rushed mingling in its Day.

The Sun of Heaven his soul's high feeling woke;
The midnight stars his page of thought became;
Till loud in song his heart-deep musings broke,
And like the Prophet's lip, inspired by flame,
His breathings made all other passion tame.
Byron! all these were thine, and thou didst place
Gloriously in our bosoms every name
Lofty or beautiful—until its trace
Leaves the bright legend there, none other shall efface.

And we will hoard thy memory, as the theme
Of our deep thoughts, and turn unto the past,
When thou wert even like the lightning stream,
Dazzling all eyes toward thy glory cast;—
Hath thy proud spirit mingled with the Vast—
With sky, and wave, and mountain? Dost thou dwell
Even with every mighty scene thou hast
Sought out aspiringly, and loved so well?
With wind, or cloud, or star, walking invisible?

Oh England's noblest pride, but yesterday,
May'st thou be nothing? and shall we no more
List thy enthusiast thought, thy lofty lay,
Thy bright creations, mused on o'er and o'er,

Till like to thee we also seemed to soar
Over our earthward destiny? Are they
E'en now thy epitaph, whereon we pour
Silently, and in awe, that we must say,
Feeling what thou hast been—'Byron is passed away!'

Thou may'st have worthier eulogy than mine,
And loftier Bards a loftier dirge proclaim,—
But none whose spirit watched more proudly thine,
Or loved more deeply its aspiring aim.
Thou, with the light of glory round thy name,—
I, fameless, yet with hopes that upward turn
Unfaltering,—lit by thy funereal flame,
Approach, one tear perchance thou would'st not spurn,
One undissembled tear, to shed upon thine urn!

May, 1824.

SONNET.—ON BABYLON.

HEAPS of the Desert—worn and wasted piles,
Are ye indeed proud Babel's dim remains?
Empress of Earth! the sunshine of whose smiles
Called round her portals Grandeur's glorious trains:
Were these the palace towers, the gem-roofed aisles,
Where lordly Satraps thronged a lordlier king—
Here, where in Ruin's grey and choked defiles,
Fierce wolves abide, and fearless reptiles cling?
How hath the golden City's lofty head
Gone down into the dust! Dread Babylon!
Thy crumbling walls lie darkening in the Sun,
Mere mouldering tombs, and remnants of the dead;
Lone monitors of nations which yet run
The proud career that long thy steps have sped.

ZENOBIA

Most fair, most brave, majestic Palmyrene!
I see thy glorious eye flash forth its fire—
I see thy brow like Lebanon's snows between
Its darkly waving Cedars! Kings admire,
Kings sue the hand of earth's unrivalled Queen;
Vainly they sue! Love hath no diamond dart
Can pierce the folds of that thrice-bucklered heart,
Whose eagle-spirit bears its way serene
Toward the Sun of Empire. Still we turn,
Zenobia! to the pages of the past,
Where the great names of lofty spirits burn,
And muse o'er thine—though with a cloud o'ercast,
Yet still prevailing—almost unsurpassed
By aught our eyes through Glory's lights discern.

(ANOTHER.)

Pass by the Desert-ruin—bid thine eye
  Lift to memorials of the Past, its gaze!
Let Tadmor's queen in martial majesty
  Come from the sepulchres of ancient days!
  Yea! well the haughty lip, the soul-lit blaze,
Speak the Palm-City's Empress! round her vie
  Prince, chieftain, potentate,—like thousand rays
Circling the sun in noon-tide dignity.
But nought is like to her,—not one beside
  The Warrioress, upon whose brow sublime
Is sparkling Asia's diadem of pride,
  Seems he who might adorn it. She, whom time
Hath unto Rome's and Tadmor's name allied,
  Renowned in every age, and every clime!

ODE ON SPAIN.*

LAND of abased spirit! bowed
To them who o'er thee tread—
Spain! sunk in apathy,—what cloud
Hangs o'er thy joyless head?
Thou, soil of Chivalry! where grew
Proud Valour, when it woke anew
From sleep of ages fled;
Was it for this thy sons were great,
Thus in the last abyss of fate,
To count thee with the Dead?

Or with the worse than dead—the lost
In folly and dismay;
Them, whom the wreck of power hath tossed
On barbarous shores away:

* This Poem was written at a time when the Constitutional Charter being duly recognized and supported in Portugal—a hope was entertained that Spain also would have been aroused to a declaration of the same enlightened principles of Government.

Whose gold hath bought their fall, and made
So abject, that all earthly aid
To raise them up, were vain;
Yet in their beggared pride elate,
Mockery of vanished wealth and state—
Like thee, degraded Spain!

We *were* thy foes—for days have been
'Twere not disgrace to be—
The Red-Cross with the Lion seen,
Albion opposed to thee.
We *were* thy foes! Let Ocean bear
Witness, when hung aloft in air
Those mighty ensigns flew;
What navies met on either side,
And for the mastery of the tide,
How stern the conflict grew!

But not that thou no more art so,
A Briton's triumph fear;—
'Twas not *our* hands that laid thee low
In desolation here.

No! ask thy bosom serpents, how
Hath chanced this soil upon thy brow,
  This fetter on thine arm?
Ask wherefore all thy glory gone?
And why Earth's younger heirs look on,
  To scorn thy hopeless harm?

Ask how the sum of Indian mines
  Which built thee, hath been sped?
On whom the Mexique silver shines,
  That crowned thy regal head?
Who revel in the rich extent
Of the majestic Occident,
  Where thou wert Queen alone?
What new successful Chief hath gained
Potosi's treasures, or attained
  The Incas' jewelled throne?

Call up the Spirits of the Past,
  Who founded empires there—
Ask all why vile and spurned at last,
  They yield thee to despair?

Thou most misjudging! say who now
The seas with treasure-gallies bow,
And where thine own remain?
Furl they their sails on foreign shore,
Or slowly come, so laden o'er
They scarce thy harbours gain?

They will not come! for not to thee
Again that wealth is meant;
And Nations reign, and men are free,
Whom thou to earth had'st bent:
Did not thy proud Escurial reel
Through all its halls, and trembling feel
The shout of Freedom spread?
Did not thy caitiff-monarch find
His chains like tow, when he would bind
The living to the dead?

'Tis well for them:—for thee, let all
Thy slaves take up the strain—
A lamentation o'er thy fall,
Thou queen of earth and main!
"Art thou too fallen and decayed,
"Oh golden Spain! whose hand was laid

"So heavy upon us—?
"Whose feet on necks of men have trod,
"Who mad'st thyself a worshipped god,
"Art thou too trodden thus?

Let then thy bigot-king reply,
—Mean tool of monkish pride—
Hear him with threat of power defy
Them who his vaunt deride!
The Atlantic rolls between!—yet he
Puissant lord! will on the free
Once more inflict his brand:—
Up, Spirits of the South! behoves
Your utmost zeal, for on ye moves
Spain, led by Ferdinand!

Ye reck not!—let it be, and pass
Those mighty regions by;
'Tis but an ocean-drop, alas!
If ye her rule deny.
The 'Vivas' in the air shall ring
As loud around her paltry king,

As ever they have rung;
His wheel on necks can still be rolled,
Enough his wealth, if decked in gold
His royal robes are hung.

'Tis not in exultation we
Thus o'er thine ashes speak—
'Tis not that we, the strong, in thee
Insult the base and weak:
No! but for every nobler name
Thy apathy hath given to shame,
When scaffolds saw them lie
Victims to glut the impious rage
Of him, who hath flung down his gage,
Champion for Tyranny!

That murdered Porlier, unavenged
Sleeps in his gory grave—
And Lacy gave his blood, yet changed
Not thee, he died to save:
That later in the darkening roll
Of thy thick crimes, the fervent soul

Which brave Riego showed,
Led only to like fate, and left
Thee, worthless land! of hope bereft,
Beneath thy despots' goad.

That all thy living great exiled,
In stranger-regions shun
Their homes, with wrong and wrath defiled,
Their land, a thing undone.
That Mina—thrice heroic name,
Chieftain sublime!—in glorious aim
From thrall thy neck to free;
Hath safety only from the doom
Of the fell axe, and Porlier's tomb,
At distance far from thee.

Are these enough,—or shall we cite
Yet more examples dread
Of them who ardent for thy right,
Thy tyrant's face have fled?
Oh Spain! what heart of human mould
Would these, thy true born sons, behold

In sufferance and despair—
Nor feel for their unworthy fate
The soul which in such evil strait
Endures not to forbear.

Oh that a sparkle of the fire
Which in their bosom lies,
Would fall on thine, and there inspire
Thy spirit *now* to rise!
Despised and soul-less as thou art,
At Freedom's call if thou should'st start,
That deed might all efface;
Nor more be heard the hiss of shame
Close following thy ignoble name,
In long and last disgrace.

Then hear—if any sense remain—
Her trumpets call aloud!
Awake! arise! once more, Oh Spain!
Of Freedom's spirit proud;
If yet there breathe who would for thee
Dungeon and scaffold dare, to be

His Country's latest trust;—
Let him at this momentous hour
Unfaltering face insatiate power,
And lift thee from the dust!

February 27, 1827.

WRITTEN

DURING THE SIEGE OF MISSOLONGHI BY THE TURKS AND EGYPTIANS UNDER IBRAHIM PASHA, IN THE SPRING OF 1826

Ye few bold hearts of classic strain,
Who dare the wrathful Cresent's power—
Hellenians! by or earth, or main,
Fast shut within your fortress tower;
Spirits! who had renowned the hour
When Greece was great, and Greeks were free,
Oh dash far off the gathering shower
That rolls its storm of death o'er ye;
Firm to the last! let every breast
Be with your Fathers' soul possessed!

Lone Missolonghi! round thy walls
The threats of despot-terror roar—
Vengeance in fury wakes, and calls
For her last feast of freemen's gore:

The Lord of Stamboul's slavish shore
Hath doomed ye to unsparing slaughter,
And prayer of mercy pleads no more
For Freedom's pale, expiring daughter;
The fierce Egyptian joins to man
The unpeopled holds of Turkestan.

There floats each Chieftain's baleful sign,
Thrice dyed with many a Martyr's blood;
Oh refuge of our hopes benign,
Scorned Missolonghi! make them good!
So long and well thou hast withstood
Stern Ibrahim's tumultuous host,
Be stronger yet, and sweep the brood
Of the dark Desert from thy coast:
Be sterner than the sternest there,
Thou ark of freedom and despair!

Yea—be the saving Ark wherein
Her living trust, her murdered speak—
Glory and triumph shall they win,
If thou the curse of thraldom break.

And wherefore should the wronged be weak?
They, who have so invoked anew,
The shade of every hallowed Greek
That the famed soil e'er bred or knew.
They who for guerdon of the free,
Have fought at old Thermopylæ.

Oh fought and bled in that same Pass,
So long renowned for Freedom's toil—
Spirit of proud Leonidas,
Walk'st thou again thy antique soil?
Seest thou the infuriate Tartar spoil
These thy liege sons, of Glory's right;
Thou, whose fierce blood was prompt to boil
Against a million in the fight:
Shall this great struggle go for nought,
And all be worthless thou hast wrought?

My spirit falters at the thought—
A thunderbolt should dash the wire;
Where is the Jove of Song, who taught
His muse the fervour of her sire?

Where he who on the immortal Lyre
Hath poured the immortal verse divine,—
Oh Greece! awaking all the fire
That ever Bard had breathed from thine?
Or in thy best of days could bring
The tones of Freedom on its string.

Reft Missolonghi—'twas in thee
He murmured forth his latest spell;
The thought that Hellas should be free
Tuned the last breath that o'er her fell;
When like to some prophetic swell
From hallowed oracle of yore,
The Harp of Albion rung farewell
To all, save glory, on thy shore—
Glory like theirs whose tones must last,
When all beside that voice is past.

Then should a Moslem foot invade
Thy region, consecrated so—?
—Start from thy tomb, indignant Shade,
Heroic Byron! answer, No!

Breathe back thy vengeance on the foe,
As thou in life had'st sworn to breathe—
Till every panting bosom glow
The crown of Victory to wreathe!
Shall Freedom's host to battle bear,
And thy own spirit not be there?

Hopes bold and high of sacred Song!
Enough your energy you prove—
Were but your influence half as strong
As in this heart is freedom's love.
Would that her cause, so prized above
All meaner and all lowlier aim,
Might every gallant bosom move
With force and constancy the same!
Then Missolonghi, to thine aid
A thousand banners were displayed.

And the bold hearts that in thee wrest
Their life by moments from the foe,
Should from the millions of the West
Rescue and quick redemption know;

Earth would not question, ere the blow
Were struck, to save thee from the clasp
Of the strait links that round thee grow,
And press thee to thy dying gasp:—
Oh Greece! and is thy fate so near,
That we must tremble while we hear?

And shudder lest the winds that gush
From thy sweet shore, thy death-groan bear;
When all shall lie in gory hush,
And thou and thine be voiceless there!
Yet, nurse of souls sublime! despair
Gives one proud sanction to the brave—
At least in glory fall, and share
Fame's halo, though in Freedom's grave;
That the shamed Nations round may see
Thou wert most worthy to be free.

SONNET.—ON GEORGE WASHINGTON.

THINE be the wreath of triumph—thine the name
Immortal as the Spirits of the Just!
Warrior, yet friend to man—whose patriot aim
Taught us that still a trampled land might trust
Her sword to *one*, nor fear lest Victory's fame
Bid in his soul each nobler feeling die—
Though Power's temptations brighten on his eye
And hostile War be bleeding in the dust.
Thine were Columbia's fates—and 'twas for thee
To bind the Palm of Peace on Freedom's sword,
When her great weal thy generous hand restored
Faithful as brave, magnanimous as free;
And bade e'en envious foes this praise accord,
—Earth had no Champion else sublime as he!

STANZAS.

ON THE AFFLICTED STATE OF THE SPANISH REFUGEES IN ENGLAND. *November* 1828.

HEARD ye that low-breathed voice of anguish rise?
A mournful murmur trembling on the air—
Heard ye the stranger's groan—the orphan's cries,
The bursting sigh of bosoms in despair?

Oh Isle of Albion! Mother of brave hearts!
Do sounds like these thy hallowed shores profane?
Roused at the call each free-born spirit starts;
—The Patriot-exile hath not sighed in vain!

The Patriot-exile of that ruined realm
Where sways the monarch-slave, who basely broke
Oaths as a rotten reed, and dared o'er-whelm
The lofty souls his vengeance could not yoke.

And where should Freedom's sons a refuge gain,
When Tyrants roll destruction on the free?
Where the last sparks of life and hope sustain,
If not, thou sanctuary-Isle! in thee?

Have these not bled for Freedom? these who now
In need's last strait thy wonted succour crave?
The conscious spirit burns on every brow,
The silent answer of the indignant brave!

And lov'st not thou the brave? thou who did'st shake
Through every region, all the astonished world?
To thy bold breast Spain's bleeding reliques take,
The wreck her tyrant to thy footstool hurled.

A wreck of noble energies—which he,
Priest-ruled, and bigot-hardened, could not crush;
Though dungeons scarce sufficed his dread decree,
And scaffolds saw the bloody deluge gush.

And shall *these*—hardly saved—to thee appeal,
And thou as the deaf adder stop thine ear?
No! Land of wealth—yet Land of mercy! feel
O'er each proud eye rush out the ennobling tear.

Are not thy Merchants, princes? sceptred kings?
To whose full treasuries earth's rich tributes flow?
When hath the oppressed besought those healing springs,
Nor felt their streams the glorious boon bestow?

Thrice glorious shall it be if now it wake
The generous impulse to a godlike deed;
For truth, hope, freedom,—for religion's sake,
On wings of winds to misery's rescue speed.

Oh Genius of Britannia! from thy cloud
Vex the Destroyer by thy saving power—
Lift up the warning signal—cry aloud!
Till every hand the sacred offering shower.

For *them* shall be the succour—but for thee
A triumph none but only thou canst know—
Let tyrants roll on gems, and wondering see
Our Albion's treasures dry the eye of woe.

And when the wronged flee from their deathful frown,
Behind her shield in safety view them stand;—
The cloud o'er deserts raining gladness down;
The Rock's cool shadow in a thirsty land!

"SONG RISES LIKE THE SUN, IN MY SOUL."

OSSIAN.

THE light of Song—the light of Song!
Thou Sun amid this darkness shine;
So clear and bright, so warm and strong,
As never glanced on harp of mine:
Spread thy pure ray, thou hallowed flame,
Spread thy pure ray to reach e'en me!
Break from thy cloud, thou beam of fame,
Ten thousand eyes shall follow thee.

Speak, Voice of Song! from hill to hill
The echoes of thy music roll—
Lift up thy sounds, Oh Harp! and fill
Each ancient haunt with thy control;
Like to the mighty rushing wind
Come from the Desert of thy choice—
Bow like the forest, every mind,
Responsive to thy power, Oh Voice!

Thou stream of an immortal source,
  Older than fabled Helicon;
Murmur in thy unerring course
  Marked out ere time itself begun!
Throughout Earth's hundred regions spread,
  Till every nation quaff thy spring;
That drop which might revive the dead,
  Oh wave of Heaven's own fountain, bring!

Thou comest! like the sunbeam's light!
  From far is heard thy breath divine!
Oh Spirit of the torrent's might,
  Art thou indeed for harp of mine?
Thou risest in my soul;—I feel
  Thy influence rush through every vein—
And shall these tuneless chords reveal
  The force of thy immortal strain?

No praise but Freedom's may they boast,
  And freedom, freedom is thine own;
For lives the heart to freedom lost,
  That e'er one spark of thee hath known?

Then, if I may thy prophet be,
Thou Genius of undying Song,
Pluck out all lesser aim—to thee
This whole devoted breast belong!

The hills their rugged brows uprear,
Like giants leaning on the skies;
From their tall heath-crowned rocks I hear
The echoes of thy voice arise;—
And ever where a mountain stood
Poetic ear hath heard that call:
Oh Dweller of the Solitude!
I come—I answer to the thrall.

Prove the firm eye that waits for thee,
Prove the free soul's unfettered wing;
Seeing where eagles cannot see,
Rising as never eagles spring.
Oh Sun of Song, return, return!
From clouds exalt thy guiding ray!
Thunders may roll, and lightnings burn,
But thou art mightier far than they.

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